

DISCORDER

decembuary 2002/2003 - that scratch-made magazine from citr 101.9fm



playin' in the rec room with

gwar and the donnas

ALSO:



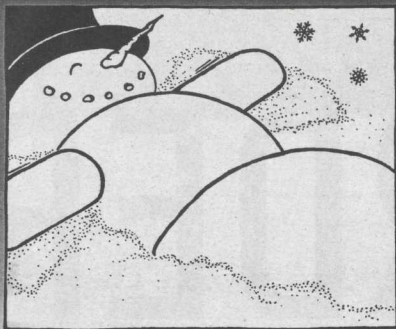
HOT HOT HEAT



ELECTROCLASH



SONJA



NEKO CASE

Blacklisted CD

"Whether performing solo or with the New Pornographers, Neko Case has built her reputation as much on her powerful, burnished pipes as on her quick tongue — her between-songs banter is the best you're likely to hear at any show. On Blacklisted, Case trades in the rowdy honky-tonk style that made her two previous solo albums such festive affairs for a more sombre mood." (Time Out New York)... "Everything previously recorded by Neko Case has been a warm-up for her brilliant Blacklisted disc." (NOW)... "The world needs to stand up and pay attention to the new first lady of country music. Neko Case. To sing her praises isn't to take anything away from the queen (still Lollapalooza but is to say that Neko is carrying a different niche, one previously guarded by Lorena Lynn. Both sing from the bottom of their wounded hearts, but what you hear in the howl is always stronger, never weaker." (GO) [released October 20, 2002]



THE GAY

3-song 7"

Featuring members of Kraviss, Superconductor, Tennessee Twin, 1 Moulder Accordion, Maow and Vancouver Nights, this is The Gay's Mint debut, a three song vinyl gem that will have you imagining the rebirth of Fleetwood Mac, Heart and the Partridge Family. [released October 7, 2002]



CAROLYN MARK

Terrible Hostess CD

Album #2 from Canada's country queen, aka "The Other Corn Sister." Judging by her new disc, shindigs at the Mark household are a helluva trip. Terrible Hostess has the untidy feel of post-baccchanian revelry... She consistently channels that of old patry Cline, and at the same time deserves props for capturing the nauseous insanity of a true house party." (NOW) [released July 1, 2002] CAROLYN MARK'S PLAYING 12/21 AT BLINDING LIGHT



MARK KLEINER

Love to Night CD

The first concert of my live-music-watching career was Shaun Cassidy at the CNE Stadium in 1977. Fifteen years later, Welsh band The Poob Sticks munched 70s AM radio hits into perfect contemporary pop gems. The latest touchstone on my cassette quest for musical summer love is Mark Kleiner. (eye) "...a buoyant summertime delight." (Aquarius Records) [released March 5, 2002]



VOLUMIZER

Gaga for Gigi CD

This is what you get when you mix ex-members of U-JRKS, Painted Sticks and Discharge! "Volumizer plays simple punk songs not that much different from that of old punks The Rezillos but somehow manage to repackage the music to fit into here and now. Volumizer is a throw-back to the old school punk days but they are completely relevant and almost refreshing in the Canadian punk scene." (Music Emissions) [released March 5, 2002]



OPERATION MAKEOUT

Hang Loose CD

"What a difference a year has made to Operation Makeout, as proven by the progress to the astounding Hang Loose. It's gorgeous, exciting and hook-heavy, with vocals that follow standard pop routes only to suddenly veer off into dissonant territories and deadly bass lines. Under each track's rough, noisy exterior are layers of gorgeous melodies and sublimities (occasionally recalling NoMeansNo!) that make this record endlessly listenable and temptingly danceable." (floor) [released August 7, 2002]



YOUNG AND SEXY

Stand up for Your Mother CD

"The alluring, opening guitar strains of 'Stand Up to Your Mother' carry the low chill of a Canadian winter before introducing the first of many striking harmonies between Pittman and his muse, vocalist Lucy Brain. The most amazing moments occur when Pittman and Brain join voices. This pairing adds fascinating intensity to the cooing "Television" and gets unforgottably in "Scot", where the harmonies explode across an expansive backdrop of piano and drums. Stand Up for Your Mother can appear daunting with its maze of misdirections, but have faith. Young and Sexy's seductively cerebral master plan really works." (Time Out New York) "On their assured debut album, fabulously named Vancouverites Young and Sexy play vividly pretty orchestral pop anchored by confident instrumental skills and Brit-inflected vocals." (NOW) [released March 5, 2002]



HANSON BROTHERS

My Game CD/LP

Punk rock's Puck Rock superstars the Hanson Brothers are back with a brand new album, chock full of open-eye hits, finished checks and end-to-end rushes. Just like their last two albums, Sudden Death and Gross Misconduct, My Game features the members of legendary punk rock legends NoMeansNo as their mezz-af-all-alter-egos, the Hanson Brothers. "Mixed in among the hockey ballads - the best being 'The Last Canadian Boy' - are 'Joey Had To Go,' a not-overly-sentimental tribute to the late Ramone, not to mention a cover of the disco classic 'Get It Right Back.' In short, no frills, no extras, just 40 minutes of straight-up party punk." (OmniZone) [released February 26, 2002] PLAYING 12/21 (NOMEANSNO) AND 12/26 (HANSON BROTHERS) AT THE BALMORAL HOTEL



ATOMIC 7

Gowns by Edith Head CD

"Everything about this debut — from the dazzling playing to the witty song titles ('You Ain't Havin' Fun Till You're Dialling 911') to the album design — screams impeccable taste, just like its namesake Oscar-winning costume designer. If anyone thinks the instrumental trio format is limiting, Gowns by Edith Head will open their eyes, as guitarist Brian Connolly's flying fingers whip through Latin, rockabilly, spaghetti western, Hank Williams, martial lounge and surf sounds with astounding speed and feeling, backed lovingly by bassist Clinton Byler and drummer Mike Androsso. This is an album that will please punks and parents, and set a party on fire if necessary." (eye) "...a mighty impressive debut." (NOW) [released October 7, 2002]



JOHN GULIAK

The Black Monk CD

"John Guliak's strength is his deep, empathic voice and his bare-bones, from-the-streets and from-the-field approach. His stories sound honest and tough and true and all those other cowboy clichés that describe a fellow who tells it like it is — and then tells you a little bit more, maybe a little more than you wanted to know. Guliak's closest emotional kinfolk are bands like The Weenies' Wankers, but he's got that inner-city/rural split coursing through his chords and characters. Suitable accompaniment for driving across the prairie or walking through the concrete jungle. Take your pick." (live) [released June 25, 2002]



VARIOUS

Carlyle Mark Presents a Tribute to Robert Altman's Nashville CD

"Mark's attention to detail is wonderfully absurd, from recreating dialogue to the album's cover, which superimposes Mark's contributors onto the film's opening-credit montage poster... What makes this even better than most tributes is that it actually enhances your appreciation of the film, arguing successfully that Nashville was one of the last great movie musicals." (eye) "...an almost perfect replica of the movie's soundtrack..." (pitchforkmedia.com) [released February 5, 2002]



TENNESSEE TWIN

Free to Do What? CD

"Transplanted American Cindy Wolfe, now setting up shop in Vancouver, is a real twin (her sister being Allison of Brainmobile). One look at the CD cover or after a minute of listening to the opening title track will spell out where the "Tennessee" part comes in. Free to Do What? is a honky-tonking good time that'll have you clapping, singing, and partying along with Wolfe and friends in no time. A feel-good collaborative environment comes through all over Free to Do What?, with Wolfe expertly leading the proceedings. Instant fun. (paw-erp.org) [released February 5, 2002]



Enter Mint Records' Xmas Contest!
Go to www.mintrecs.com for all the details!

THESE MINT TITLES AND OTHERS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THESE FINE MUSIC VENDORS:



SCRATCH
726 Richards • tel 604-687-6355
www.scratchrecords.com



Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 604.738.3232
www.zulurecords.com



RED CAT
4305 Main Street
tel 604-708-9422
www.redcat.ca

DISCORDER

Issue 236 • DECEMBER 2002 • THAT 9TH LEVEL MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM



Features

Carolyn Mark by Val Cormier **p.14**
Paper Moon by Ben Lai **p.15**
Hot Hot Heat by Julie C. **p.16**
The Donnas by Chris Eng **p.17**
Chicks on Speed by seolan **p.18**
Tracy + the Plastics by seolan **p.19**
Artist of the Month: Sonja Ahlers **p.20**
Rock For Choice by Susy Webb **p.22**
Warsaw Pack by Kevin Adam **p.23**
GWAR by Geoff Schmidt **p.24**

Regulars

Music Sucks **p.6**
Airhead **p.7**
Fucking Bullshit **p.7**
Roadworm and Weary **p.8**
Screw You and Your Pointy Shoes **p.9**
Strut and Fret **p.10**
Panoricon **p.10**
Riff Raff **p.11**
Vancouver Special **p.12**
Radio Free Press **p.12**
Over My Shoulder **p.13**
Under Review **p.28**
Leprechaun Colony **p.30**
Real Live Action **p.31**
Top 10 Lists **p.34**
Charts **p.35**
On the Dial **p.36**
Kickaround **p.37**
Databook **p.38**

Cover

Russ Davidson made the cover. He's the new Art Director. Don't you wish you could have him work his magic on your dull and drab life? Sure you do. Just with a little less blood.

© "DISCORDER" 2002 by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia. All rights reserved. Circulation 17,500. Subscriptions, payable in advance, to Canadian residents are \$15 for one year, to residents of the USA are \$15 US, \$24 CDN elsewhere. Single copies are \$2 (to cover postage, of course). Please make cheques or money orders payable to DISCORDER Magazine.

DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the February issue is January 8th. Ad space is available until January 22nd and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to discorder@ubc.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Show in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 0, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9364, e-mail us at ctrmgr@mail.ams.ubc.ca, visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write 823-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

"There is no rest yet for the weary. The men of Rohan must ride forth today, and we will ride with them, axe, sword and bow."

printed in canada



SONAR
 66 WATER STREET VANCOUVER CANADA

Events at a glance:

SATURDAY DECEMBER 7

FRED EVERYTHING (DJ/Producer/Remixer - MTRL)

Returning to do the festive thing is Montreal's one and only F-Thing. The dynamic Fred Everything, is one busy export whose catalogue's stacked with production projects for numerous top labels including BOMBAY RECORDS/20/20 VISION/OM/DY/MANTS/FAIR PARK/SHABOOM/GRAND ROYAL/ STEREO DELUXE & TURBO only to name a few! His last visit was remarkably one of INSIDE's busiest nights still to date, where Fred's energetic and precise infusion of disco, funk, and soul styles over pure house had the whole place bouncing! Here's another opportunity to come feel this man's killer je ne sais quoi. Doors 9pm/\$13.00 door only

SUNDAY DECEMBER 8

DJ BAILEY (Metalheads/Swerve/Breakbeat Science - UK)

Appl. described as the DJ with impeccable mixing, and extremely upfront selection, he's known for holding in the mix with clock-like timing and maintaining a constant adrenaline peaking flow throughout his rides everytime. Spectrum Entertainment presents the 1st ever Vandy appearance of another key profile from the Metalhead camp. Plus Matty & J-Auto. Doors 8:30pm/\$12.00 Advance tickets available at Boomtown and Futuristic Flavour.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 12

LOCAL NIGHT @ LIME

It's been a long time...it's time for another infamous LIME LOCALS bash! Come and party with the friends who put it all together. Residents Czech and Grooversbar dish it out as always. Plus Form & Kaos and many more locals to be announced...! Doors 9:30pm

FRIDAY DECEMBER 13

ALI B (Fabric/Air Recordings - UK) @ DIRTY DEEDS

Ali B has gone from his humble beginnings at Hoxton Square's 'The Blue Note Club' to a residency at Fabric and a tastemaking radio program on London's Capital FM with an audience that has grown in excess of half a million. With an ear for the fresh blend of breaks and beats Ali B has developed into one of the ambassadors for the nu-breaks sound which is quickly taking over dancefloors everywhere. Come down to 'Dirty Deeds' and check out the way hot sounds of one of London's 'new breed'. Doors 9pm/Cover \$10

TUESDAY DECEMBER 17

MARK FARINA: MUSHROOM JAZZ 4 TOUR 2002

Nordic Trax and Om Records present an intimate evening of Mark Farina's signature downtempo & funky house stylings. Don't sleep on getting to this event - catch his rare Mushroom Jazz set at an early hour. This will be the last tour Mark devotes to the downtempo scene he helped create. Plus Nordic Trax DJs Luke McKeehan and Dana D. Doors 9pm. \$25.00 Advance tickets available at Bassix, Boomtown, Futuristic Flavour, Zulu, Active Pass & Sonar (no s/c)

THURSDAY DECEMBER 19

FWUH 8 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Have you ever been to one of these epic events? Last year, 600+ people showed, over 20 different acts and DJ's on the line up, VIP catering and booze (which you can win tickets for), more giveaways than the Naughtiest or the Nicest!! If you don't know, you better ask somebody!!! Doors 9pm/ Cover \$10 or wear green & red to get in for \$7

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 25

GRANDE PRESENTS: NAUGHTY OR NICE CHRISTMAS BASH

Onetymez Entertainment (www.onetymez.com) is teaming up with Gman & Rick to bring the most anticipated Christmas Party this Holiday Season has to offer. Plenty of Presents, Prizes, Pictures and Surprises for the Naughtiest or the Nicest!! If you don't know, you better ask somebody!!! Doors 9pm/ Cover \$10 or wear green & red to get in for \$7

TUESDAY DECEMBER 31

SONAR NEW YEAR'S EVE

It's no secret why it's a sell-out every year (biggest bang for your buck!!) Sonar is proud to present VINYL RITCHIE (Dirty Deeds Fridays), our notorious party rocker who's set to bring some proper funk to the tables and TODD OMOANI (Inside Saturdays) who'll be adding to the On-Tre buffet with his soulful house cuts. Joining the celebration is Norditracx labelowner LUKE MCKEEHAN, set to lift you with deep and delicious grooves. Prizes and giveaways all night long! Doors 9pm/Open until 4am \$30.00 Advance tickets at Sonar.

MON CONTEXT HIP HOP WED GRANDE R&B HIP HOP

THR WEEKLY ROTATION SPECIAL EVENTS

FRI DIRTY DEEDS HIP HOP FUNK BREAKS SAT INSIDE HOUSE

**www.
 sonar.bc.ca
 norditracx IT**

Open: 9pm-2am
 Club: [604] 683.6695
 Visual styling by: URBAN

Sound system by:
 Turbosound

WARP YOUR HEAD AROUND THESE TITLES!



Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 604.738.3232
www.zulurecords.com



www.warprecords.com
Distributed in Canada by Outside Music



AUTECHRE
Gantz Graf DVD & CDs
Three new tracks and three videos in one. DVD portion features all three AE videos, including the new one for "Gantz Graf."
CD \$16.98 / LP \$10.98



NIGHTMARES ON WAX
Mind Elevation
Nightmares on Wax, holds the exact components with which to recreate summer in a pair of speakers.
CD \$16.98 / 2LP \$24.98



BOARDS OF CANADA
Twoism
Remastered ad recut, this nine track mini album is available on the CD for the first time, seven years after its original, semi-mythical pressing on Boards of Canada's own label Music70. *Twoism* gently maps BOC's twilight territory, exploring the themes that would later become unquestionably their own.
CD \$16.98 / LP \$16.98



PLAID
Double Figure
Plaid can be seductively serene, combining catchy melody lines with brooding arrangements. At other times, it can be brutally kinetic, driven by pulsating sequencers and funky, frenetic breakbeats.
CD \$16.98 / 2LP \$19.98



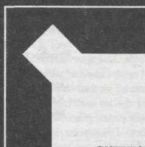
BOARDS OF CANADA
Geogaddi
Geogaddi is an intoxicating amalgam of science and magic, the living and breathing with the purely technological.
CD \$16.98 / 3LP \$29.98



PREFUSE 73
92 vs 02 Collection
Prefuse 73 (aka Scott Herren), takes the definitively hybrid, cut and paste music known as hip-hop and, quite simply but brilliantly, cuts the s*** out of it.
CD \$16.98 / 12" \$19.98



BOOM BIP
Seed To Sun
Known for his turntable manipulations Boom Bip focuses on combining the elements of jazz, rock, classical, hip-hop and many other genres with samplers and live instruments to make a music that is distinctly his own.
CD \$16.98 / 2LP \$29.98



SQUAREPUSHER
Do You Know Squarepusher
The album moves from schizoid MCs riding a groove with square wheels and atmospheric digitized darkness to manic Squarepusher-patented drum 'n' bass stroking fire.
2CD \$16.98 / LP \$19.98



VINCENT GALLO
Recordings of Music for Film
Monochromatic, but surprisingly expressive, *Recordings of Music for Film* reaffirms what a consistently interesting musician Gallo is, from his earliest work to his most recent.
CD \$16.98 / 2LP \$26.98



SQUAREPUSHER
Go Plastic
Breaks rush by at the speed of light only to be tethered to some of Squarepusher's most modest melodic work. *Go Plastic* is simply one of the most exciting, sinister records of 2001.
CD \$16.98 / 2LP \$19.98

WARP YOUR HED PHONES: SOME OF THE OTHER WARP TITLES ON SALE THIS MONTH

Anti-Pop Consortium - Ends Against The Middle CD / LP
Anti-Pop Consortium - Ghostlines #1 LP
Autechre - Peel Sessions II CD / LP
Autechre - Chlasic CD
Autechre - Confield CD
Boards Of Canada - In A Beautiful Place Out In The Country EP CDS/LP
Other People Place - Lifestyles of the La
Plaid - P-Bone EP

Plaid - Trainer 2CD / 3LP
Polygon Window - Surfing On Sine Waves CD
Prefuse 73 - Vocal Studies & Uprock CD / 2LP
Squarepusher - Burning'n Tree
Squarepusher - Hard Normal Daddy CD
Squarepusher - My Red Hot Car LP
Squarepusher - Selection Sixteen CD
Two Lone Swordsmen - Further Reminders 2LP

ENTER TO WIN! A WARP RECORD BAG FULL OF SWAG!

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NUMBER: _____

Clip this ballot & enter at Zulu Records. Deadline for entries December 31, 2002.

Korn

Live

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

DVD
VIDEO

Untouchables

Live from Hammerstein Ballroom

This Special 2-disc, 2-hour DVD contains the entire live Untouchables NYC concert, bonus tracks, behind-the-scene footage and special visual mixes!

www.korn.com



ALSO
AVAILABLE
SPECIAL
EDITION
UNTOUCHABLES

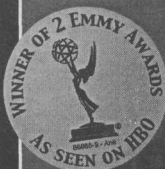
DVD NOW AVAILABLE AT:

► **FUTURE SHOP**

Come see what your future has in store.

EDDIE IZZARD

*Dress
to
Kill*



"VERY, VERY FUNNY"

NEW YORK TIMES

"A DAZZLING WEST COAST DEBUT"

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

"HE WAS GLORIOUS"

LA TIMES

Available for the first time ever on

Nov. 26th



www.anti.com

www.eddieizzard.com



music sucks

editorializing by Chris Eng

It is with only the most sincere trepidation that I suffer former spectres of myself. I don't seek them out and when they appear before me unbidden, I recoil like a vampire reeling from two crossed sticks. In order to get me to view images of myself from past years, then, it's usually best to resort to trickery or by piquing my curiosity.

Gerry Jenn did the latter. There wasn't anything misleading on the videotape. It was honestly, if tersely, labeled ("Zine Fair '98 w/ Gerry-Jenn Wilson") and the accompanying note that was wrapped around it was warm and friendly ("Hi Chris... Congrats on your new/old position... Give me a call if you have the time! I'd love to catch up..."). More than anything, I was just a little surprised to hear from her.

I met Jenn almost five years back now. Around '98, I guess—my memory's a little fuzzy on the particulars—and while we were friendly, we weren't fast friends and we fell out of touch over the past couple of years. The last time I saw her was at Naughty Camp 2K1 on Sunday morning. I was walking across the field (the "camping, sleeping, eating, partying field"), and she was making a b-line across my path looking the way everyone there looked after, well, three days of sleep-dep, gratuitous beer and whatever else one happened to indulge in at a wilderness drunk punk collective, except she was doing it in a red cocktail dress and heels.

"Hey, Jenn!"
No response. No offense taken. I kept going; she kept going; we shook off our hangovers—haven't seen her since.

So, when I got the note I was a bit surprised. "Wow," I thought, "Gerry-Jenn. Now that's a name I've not heard in a long time... a long time. I wonder what she's been up to! And I wonder what's on this tape." This last statement will eventually elicit a reaction of, "Duhhhhhh," from all of you, but that's a good paragraph or two away and I don't want to ruin the suspense.

So, I get it home. No, I don't notice that Jenn's written the note on the back of a press release. Regarding the tape: no, the only thought I gave to the label was, "Say, didn't I do a zine fair back in '98 or so?" I get it in the VCR. It starts to play. I realize that I had indeed attended a zine fair.

I suddenly realize with crystal clarity exactly which zine fair I attended. I shut off the tape.

How many of you think that you were cool five years back? Right. And for those of you that put your hands up, how many of you are being totally honest with yourselves? Yeah, that's what I thought. It's a menacing thing to be presented with the Ghost of a Half-Decade past, clinking with the chains of dork-dom. Not many people suffer it with dignity.

I started the tape again. I stopped it. I started it. My hand were sweaty. I fast-forwarded it a bit. I played it. I watched it. Hey, I remember those people. They made a cool zine. Fast-forward. Stop. Play. Watch. Fast-forward. Oh God, she's moving near where I was sitting. Fast-forward. Play. Ugh, there's me. What horrible glasses I wore. Who gave me that fucking haircut—I'll kick their ass! Urk. Ugh. Well, at least it's over. "cough* shudder* Maybe I should read the flip side of that note."

The gist of the press release is that it appears that Jenn's spending her birthday (December 23) hanging out at the Sugar Refinery (1115 Granville Street) and watching six hours worth of various JPS shows (the band she used to front) and other random things caught on tape by videographer Peter Lipskis, after which she'll perform a solo set. The show starts at six, and if you show up early enough you might even see me on the big screen, hawking my zines.

Well, I may have looked like a dork, but I was editor of a mini cultural whirlwind of a 'zine caught up in talking about my art. Wow. How much has changed. And how very little.

Speaking of art, you may have already noticed the centre spread of the magazine. Devoid of the usual grand-scale interview, there sits a behemoth of a new feature: The Artist of the Month.

Now, I don't claim to know art—I'm familiar with about five different schools of art: umm, pre-Raphaelite, art nouveau, Dada, Futurist, and the post-Kirbyites—but... no, wait—that's my whole point: I don't claim to know art.

Art in its studied, clinical, butterfly-pinned, gallery-clioistered persona is nearly intolerable to me—especially openings, where snooty people rub shoulders; shuffling along

sideways; mumbling platitudes about so-and-so's inherent brilliance contrasted against the core of Reaganomics-embroidered America; never stopping to consider that not only might the Emperor not be wearing any clothes, but they might not even give two shits about politics, economics or anything other than doing a painting of Lita Ford riding a harnessed Michael J. Fox with a sword held high above her head.

So, in this, we thought we'd try something new. Since CITR is an audio medium and DISORDER is its print arm, we felt it would be good to try and showcase the one kind of art that we couldn't on-air: visual. Music, lit, plays, sound-sculptures—these can all be featured over the radio, but drawing, painting, and collage are left behind to moulder. No longer. Starting this month, we'll remove the gallery middle-man and start covering the hundreds of artists that make up the local scene—fresh artists that are just starting out, and art that you might not even see in a gallery because it's too new. Art without the artificial construct of a gallery surrounding it, hopefully allowing it to flourish on its own and on its own merits. If you want to discuss it with your friends, that choice is yours (I don't think discussing art is bad; merely the discussion of art solely as an attempt to boost one's cred, projected IQ levels, or social standing), but you don't have to. In point of fact, you're not obliged to pay it any mind at all—but hell, if you like it, pin it to your wall; make your own art gallery. Why not? It's free, and if anyone tells you it looks bad next to your life-sized poster of Luke Perry, you can kick them out of your bedroom.

Besides, like they understand the dichotomies at play between the socio-political unrest in the submerged red and blue layering and Dylan McKay, anyway. Pffft. •

(Sonja Ahlers kicks off the Artist of the Month profile in the centre spread. You can go see more of her work at the Or Gallery—103-480 Smith Street—from January 11 to February 8. Her show opens on January 10 at 8:00. If you go, be sure to wander around and make cryptic comments like, "Hmmm... Yantze chic." It will make you seem deep.)

dear airhead

#233-6138 SUB Blvd. Vancouver BC V6T 1Z1
discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca

Attn Media Mogul/Gumshoe/Lackey/Hack,

Enclosed is a copy of the second pressing of the second Ghosts CD EP. We'd be appreciative if you reviewed this in the pages of your publication. As long-time Offbeat readers, we think that we deserve it for having had to endure Chris Eng's extensive dissertations about relationship difficulties during his tenure as columnist for that publication. ("By rights it should have been the worst day of my life. My fiancée and I had broken up twelve hours previous and I stood on the streets of San Francisco in the early morning..." etc. etc. etc.)

Warmest Regards,
Jay Watts and Dan Colussi // Ent-Ausserung

Dear Jay and Dan,

Never could I ignore such a well-worded plea, which not only states its case so eloquently, but personally attacks me as well. I gave the matter over to my Production Manager Merck, who listened to the CD and immediately crafted a review of it so we might get it in this issue—while it was still timely. I reproduce it in its entirety below:

"Unadulterated crap."

We all thank you for your submission and we look forward to subsequent ones in future.

Tepid Regards,
Chris

fucking bullshit

bullshit by Christa Min

EXCLUSIVE! Just in time for the release of the new Pearl Jam record, and just in time for Christmas... it's excerpts from EDDIE VEDDER'S DIARY! Eddie said it'd be okay if I gave you a little peek. WARNING: These details are juicier than JUICE!

November 4, 1990 [During the recording of Ten.]

"I have never been so happy in my entire life. I've been denying this so long. I'm sure it's right. Finally this is working: finally this is life. Then comes the crack and everything falls apart. Then comes the pull, and she dies. Then comes the crack, and everything comes apart. Then comes the knife, and she dies. I still can't believe this. This is something I've done. I have never been so broken. I have never hurt so much. This is like a slap in the face; this is like an amputation."

March 21, 1992 [After Ten's huge success.]

"Well, I got another little book I wrote up myself. Sort

of an exit and entrance book, if you get me. Shows me where every piece of ass I ever picked up is. I can get laid inside ten minutes just about anywhere in the fucking world. It's all in the book. This one chick though, I'll never forget it. Moved her ass like a blender.

Just in time for Christmas—excerpts from EDDIE VEDDER'S DIARY! WARNING: These details are juicier than JUICE!

Bitch simply could not get enough. Buck and scream like a wild animal. Every time I go through Jersey I stop in for a taste. The one thing I can't stand is when they get emotional about it. Want you to call 'em and write 'em. When I'm gone, I'm gone. I'll take 'em with me for a while, we ride, then, fuck, then ride. I've burned out three mattresses in the cab-up over there. That one, though, she was wild."

September 12, 1996 [No date was released amidst Ticketmaster battles.]

"Gangster" social intercourse is pretty simple. No deli-

cate conversation, no allusions or euphemisms, just demands. All your average news stand owner has to worry about, for example, is some hirsute ape who wants to widen his asshole with a cut-down shotgun. Almost romantic, that job."

February 30, 2000 [Before firing drummer Jack Irons.]

"Nobody cares about anybody's private things around here. You know how important that is to me? I don't fuck with anybody's shit. No way. I just want to do my job and be left the fuck alone. Just had to use my grinder, didn't he. Just had to. Little fuck face. Little ass hole. Acts like he fucking owns this shit. Little ass hole. Grind him is what. Grind his little fat fuck face. Think he'd like that? Think twice, wouldn't he? Little shitty fuck face ass hole." Look for EDDIE VEDDER'S DIARY UNCUT in stores by Valentine's Day!

SixtyStories AnthemRed

BRAND NEW FULL LENGTH FEATURING 12 PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED TRACKS
AVAILABLE IN CANADA OCTOBER 8TH, 2002

"Anthem Red is a relentless record, full of charged riffs and gripping melodies".
- Uptown

"With a sound that blends emo with 1980's slightly left-of-center pop, Sixty Stories have produced a captivating and engaging album".
- INK 19 Magazine (Florida)

visit www.smallmanrecords.com



to see our crappy website



12.06.02 - VANCOUVER, BC @ PAT'S PUB

12.07.02 - VANCOUVER, BC @ SEXLYNN HALL

12.08.02 - VICTORIA, BC @ L'ECOLE BROUDRE SCHOOL

Friendly and Professional

Excellent Rates

All-Natural, Chemical-free Method

don't WORRY bee happy!

A DIVISION OF VITAMIN A INDUSTRIES, INC.

BREADLOKS AND MAINTENANCE

Call 604-473-9631 to Book an Appointment Today!

road worn and weary

Our Diaries

CMJ MUSIC MARATHON 2002 by Luke Meatt and Mo

One of the advantages or responsibilities (depending on how you look at it) of being CMJ's music director is that once a year, you get to go to New York and represent the station at the year's largest music industry event, the CMJ Music Marathon. CMJ, for the uninitiated, is 4 days of chaos—a trade show and music orgy all in one, with thousands of bands playing and about 10,000 music industry people descending on NYC. For college radio reps, it's an opportunity to meet the label people, who in turn try to win the college stations' favour by throwing numerous parties and band showcases. Last year, Mo and I bought our tickets, packed our bags, and were all set to go... on September 12, 2001. Needless to say, we didn't wind up going. CMJ put together a bit of a consolation event in early October, but few people (or bands) were willing to travel at the time. So CMJ 2002 was the conference's come-back, and our long-awaited and much-overdue trip. As a result, we decided to extend our trip for a few days and be tourists. To skip straight to the festival, go down to Wednesday.

Saturday, October 26

Arrive at White House "Hotel" (hostel) in record time. The desk clerk has the best accent (we were put in room "faw-twinnee-faw"). We were planning on sleeping; however, since the hostel does not appear to allow that option at any time of day or night (along with other little conveniences, like hot water, for example), we hit 2nd Avenue and look at everything. This is New York and it is beautiful. We have a few pints in a fake Irish pub and watch the Giants lose game six. A rat about the size of a Valetown left scurries by us on our walk home. Like everything else in this town, the vermin are HUGE.

Sunday, October 27

Awake to a lovely couple screaming at each other in German from two rooms over. Grab a Starbucks Java and hit the streets by 8am. (Are we in Seattle? There are far too many Starbucks here—as everywhere, I suppose). The city is quite relaxing when it's setting up. Watch the regulars play chess in Washington Square. We visit Our Music, Mondo Kim's, Bleeker Bob's (\$50 US) for Automating vol.

2 by Nurse With Wound? Yeah right), and other great music stores, but there seems to be no such thing as a "deal" in a New York record store, so we leave feeling poor and record-less. Chinatown at night is delightful, if you enjoy packed sidewalks, "I Heart N.Y." t-shirts, "genuine imitation" fragrances, and bootlegged DVDs of movies that came out two days ago. We can't help but snap a photo of the awning-high mountain of garbage bags blocking the sidewalk in front of McDonald's. If there's one thing you can say about New York, it's that their trash is front and centre.

Monday, October 28

This German couple is really getting on our nerves. I think they figure since no one else in the hostel speaks German, they can yell at each other about anything. Oh well, we're being complete tourists tonight and seeing David Letterman and that's all that matters to me. We have to be at Letterman by 3:00 so we can wait in a really long line to find out what other line we have to wait in to be told which line actually gets us tickets. After a couple of hours waiting in what is now a cold night, I'm really starting to sour on this idea. Only once we finally get corralled into the Ed Sullivan theatre to wait in yet another line are we told that **Christina Aguilera** is the musical guest. Mo entertains herself in line by gleefully wondering what the folks at CMJ will think of their music director travelling to NY for a college music conference and spending half a day waiting to see Christina Aguilera. Afterward, we walk through the multimedia frenzy of Times Square (fucking amazing), all the way from 53rd St. to 11th St. in the Village, so we can have a pint in the White Horse Tavern, where Dylan Thomas drank himself to death. This is the friendliest place we've been in so far; the bartender even buys us a round for being from out of town. This seems like a bad business practice in a city full of tourists, but we gladly accept the drinks.

Tuesday, October 29

It's a "Visit to Record Zero" day today. The cavernous hole is jaw-droppingly huge, deep, and empty. I begin to get a comparable feeling in my stomach—not from realizing I'm standing on the site that witnessed so much death, but from the endless number of street vendors selling Twin Tower

snow globes, knickknacks, and souvenirs. The first of the CMJ parties is tonight, the night before the actual festival. The reps hosting the event tonight are not my personal favourites. The party winds up being extremely lame. The promise of free drinks turns out to be more or less a joke, the bar staff are assholes, and I don't know anyone yet. This puts me in a real bad funk. What am I doing here? Am I like all these fake industry whores? Perhaps I'm not going to do a good job representing CMJ. The city, for the first time, begins to feel too big and alienating. I get panicky, have a drink, and promptly leave. Mo, as always, brings me down to planet non-anxiety, and reminds me that this only the first day, and that a lame party is a lame party, no matter what town you're in.

Wednesday, October 30

The CMJ Music Marathon is taking place at the Hilton Hotel on the Avenue of the Americas. Mo and I arrive at 10:00 to collect our badges. There's no doubting that we are at a music geek conference. Everyone is wearing little "I pins with obscure band names on them, so I begin to feel right at home. We check out all the booths, and like most trade show attendees, trawl the room for free crap. We emerge with tons of free loot—Village Voice t-shirts, Jagermeister shot glasses, and countless guitar picks and unbelievably bad compilation compilation CDs. **Jurassic 5** is playing in the main ballroom, but we miss this when we slip out for hot dogs. We try to sneak away to visit the intriguingly named Museum of Radio and Television, only to find that it is a "non-traditional" museum, with essentially a bunch of viewing and listening stations playing pre-chosen selections from the archives. This month's feature? The CBC. Seriously. We decide against paying admission to watch Canadian TV. The first rep party is at 4:00 at the Luna Lounge, a place that we would frequent quite a bit in the next few days. **DJ Me DJ You** is the featured artist. One of the guys in DJ Me DJ You played **Joey in Airplane!** ("You ever see a grown man naked, Joey?"), which causes ceaseless giggles throughout the evening. Meet a lot of the reps who send CMJ music, many of whom are really great people, with lots of free drink tickets to hand out. (Hey, with the exchange rate such as it is, we're aiming

to squeeze all the free stuff we can out of this conference.) Afterwards, we decide to check out the Kindercore showcase at CBGB's. We catch **Maseraati**, **The Agenda**, and **I Am The World Trade Center**. All were great, but of course I am awestruck by the establishment itself. CBGB's has kept the original toilet intact—yes, the one where Joey used to shoot up, etc., etc.—in all its punk fame and glory. I add a CMJ sticker to the approximately 27,000,000 stickers they already have (structurally supporting the walls, I presume). We make our way to the Bowery Ballroom for the CMJ opening party. By now we know a ton of people and prefer their company to the

am so stoked on meeting these guys that I don't even mind the Ani Difranco DVD they show us beforehand. (Well, let's not go too overboard; it's fucking horrendous.) We go back to our hotel to change into our costumes. We're going as the **White Stripes**—obviously, yes, but easy to throw together, music-related, and we look damn good. First party tonight is at Arlene's at a club called Arlene's Grocery. Since I've only had my first drink of the evening, I decide to refrain from bringing the house down with my rendition of "Zombie." Scoot over to a competing party at Luna for some pre-show bevies. Our costumes are a hit at both places. For some reason,

further compliments on our outfits and are surprised more people didn't pick the same costume as us, given that it's a Detroit-centric show. The best costume there seems to be Owen Wilson's character in *The Royal Tenenbaums* (long hair, beard, sunglasses, bandana, and tennis racket). We catch **The Kills** and **Datsums** and have a drink with some locals who try to explain why they're not offended by all the WTC merchandise. We still don't get it. There is suddenly quite a buzz about the bar. **Meg and Jack White** have apparently arrived. What seemed to be a cool thing at the time—us being dressed as them for Halloween and all—suddenly becomes a little more awkward, since one person after another comes up to us and says, "You know the real White Stripes are here, right?" While this gets a little tiring, we think the whole situation is the funniest thing in the world, and assume that if they're remotely good-natured, the White Stripes will take it as an amusing compliment. We decide that a little later in the show we'll hunt them down and laugh with them about it. Then Meg walks by our table and kind of smirks-sneers at us, which makes us question whether the White Stripes are, in fact, "remotely good-natured." We decide to go upstairs and see the **Von Bondies**. When I leave Mo unattended to go get us a round, some staggering jack-ass walks up to her and says, "Jack wants me to kick your boyfriend's ass." While it's instantly discernable that this wobbling doofus has never spoken to Jack White in his life, he is also clearly past the point of no return on the alcohol-meter and looking to start a fight with someone. Not wanting to wind up with medical bills in the US, we decide to go somewhere where our costumes won't be such an attention grabber. We wind up back at Luna with Jason Corall, Music Director of CJSW in Calgary. We feel kind of annoyed by the whole situation so we call it an "early" night. "Early" is a relative term to CMJ; the parties start at noon and go till morning, and if you don't act wisely and pack it in at a certain point, you are likely to miss the whole next day.

Friday, November 1

This is the day I've looking forward to the most: The Mute Records party. No bands, only a ton of free stuff given away at the Mute offices, which are located in a gorgeous 10th story building on 22nd St. We meet a bunch of MDS (music directors) from all over North America, and the booze is flowing like wine. We leave early to see the Kill Rock Stars showcase at Luna. Say hi to **The Gossy** who are playing at



Joey's toilet. Gabba gabba hey.

entertainment of the bands (**Hazeldine**, **Northern State**). We pop upstairs to see the horrible wank rock of **Radio 4**. It's 2:30 now and I'm really trying to stay awake for **The Soundtrack of Our Lives** and **2 Many DJs**, but to no avail. Soundtrack hit the stage hours late, bumping the headlining **2 Many DJs** show right off the bill, and several nights of sleeplessness at our "hotel" have caught up with us. Sawing logs by 3:30.

Thursday, October 31

Wake up with a familiar American beer hangover. I can't wait for the evening so we can wear our Halloween costumes. Train over to the Hilton for a noontime "meet and greet" with **Ipecac Records**, hosted by **Mike Patton** and **King Buzzo**. I

these music industry folks don't seem to be too creative with costumes, so ours actually stand out. Meet Eric from Kindercore; compliment him on the Agenda's set. We plan to see an incredible-sounding show at the Irving Plaza tonight: **Enon**, **The Black Heart Procession**, **Blonde Redhead**, **Calexico**, **III**, and **The Yeah Yeah Yeahs**. Unfortunately, half of New York has the same idea, and when we arrive there at the oh-so-late hour of 8:00 pm, it's already full, with a line up round the block of hopefuls waiting to get in on a one-by-one basis. We decide to opt for our back-up plan of some rock n' roll instead. **The Kills**, **Datsums**, **The Von Bondies**, and **The Dirtbombs** are playing at the Bowery Ballroom, and that sounds just fine to me. We get

the Knitting Factory later that night. Meet **Mecca Normal** who are extremely nice and point out that **Ari Up** from **The Slits** is in the room. I instantly go into drooling fan-boy mode and ask a mutual friend to introduce us. When I ask Ari "How are you?" she pantomimes a "feeling blue" kind of gesture and when I ask her for a photo she happily mimes that she wouldn't mind. I consider asking her for a station ID but it appears that Ari isn't talking tonight. Ohhhh kaaaayyyy. Since my rawk fever was prematurely snuffed out by the asshole at the Bowery the night before, we decide to check out the Jet Set showcase at The Elbow Room. **The Flaming Sideburns**

returns, he manages to get some of the most hauntingly beautiful sounds out of an acoustic guitar I've ever heard. What a great way to close a night.

Saturday, November 2

I find out why everyone told me to take comfortable shoes with me on this trip. My feet are blistered as hell from walking everywhere. Make it to the Hilton in time to see **Gary Lightbody** from **Reindeer Section** do an acoustic set. Really pretty music, in a sad-bastard kinda way. We sit in on a series of DIY seminars. The rep parties are winding down, as is CMJ, so we vow to get as many free drinks in as possible. The first gig is at the

to the next do. By this time Mo and I pretty much know everybody involved with the college radio side of CMJ and we're all having a grand old time. Everybody's looking forward to the Merge showcase at the Knitting Factory tonight, to which we head in short order. We have learned by this point that if there's any buzz whatsoever about a CMJ show, chances are it'll be impossible to get in. Luckily, we arrive in time both to get in and see **Portastatic** wind up their set. **Destroyer** play next and the New York crowd is blown away by the superb set by the Vancouver troubadours. The Knitting Factory goes absolutely nuts. It's terrific to see Vancouver represented this way. A heartfelt set by **Britt Daniel** from **Spoon** follow. But **Crooked Fingers**, up next, steal the show with their un-mixed version of "When You Were Mine" by Prince. Just magical. We cruise over to the Tribeca Grand for some hip-hop beats with **Prince Paul** (co-hosted by the Cartoon Network so it is quite a strange "grown-up cartoon lounge" ambience) but our wallets are wanting by this point in the trip and we know the second we walk in, we can't afford to party there long. The washrooms have attendants and all that ritzy kinda stuff, so you can't even urinate without tipping. After a short sojourn there we wander around looking at the city,

trying to find somewhere to eat at 4:30am. It's true that this city doesn't sleep, but its restaurants apparently do, because the best we can find is McDonald's, and as we guiltily eat there we're haunted by that pile of garbage from a few days ago.

Sunday, November 3
I'm kind of glad we're going home today. I could have spent weeks going through all the stuff this burg has to offer, but I miss my bed and the city is beginning to wear us down. We meet our first friendly cabbie on our way to the airport. He asks us if we have just run the New York Marathon, which happened that morning. Being the consummate athletes that we are, this keeps us laughing most of the way to JFK. The truth is, we have just run a New York marathon, only ours took us eight days to finish.

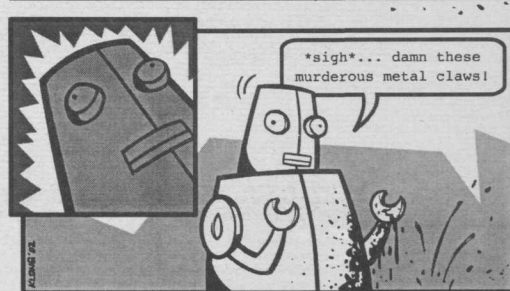
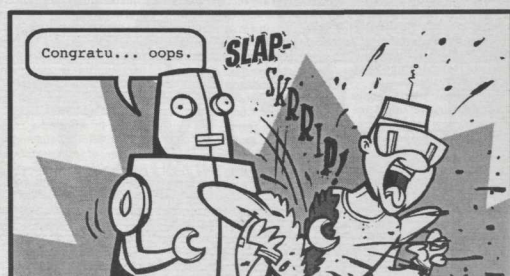
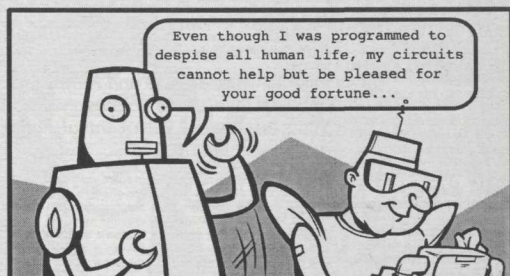
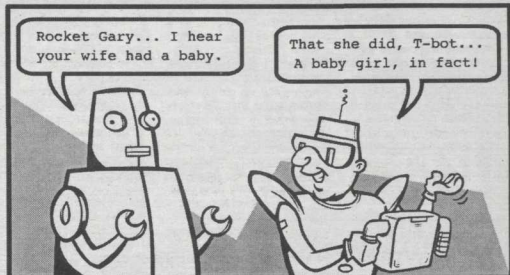
Village Underground, which holds 192 people, according to the fire department sign on the wall. Well, they manage to cram in at least 400 to see **Hot Hot Heat**, **Ted Leo**, and **The Pharmacists**, among others. We stand in line waiting for a drink on the entire set of one of the worst bands I've ever heard. (**Dredg**? **The Party of Five**? **Helicopter**? **The Velvet Teen**? Not sure which it was.) I am so thirsty by the time I finally get served, I order a double Bloody Mary. The bartender drops it down and says, "Fourteen." I'm so flabbergasted I exclaim, "Fourteen what?" Yep, 14 fucking U.S. dollars (isn't that around a month's salary for a Canadian?) for a drink at this shithole. Graham, one of my reps from Spectre, witnesses this and hands me 10 free drink tickets for their party going on at Luna after this. Needless to say, we don't stick around long and make our way

SCREW YOU

and your pointy shoes



BY KEVIN LING



"Joey, do you like movies about gladiators?"
A quiet moment with Ross Harris of DJ Me DJ You.

treated us to a taste of sublime glam rhythm and blues and surprise guest **Howlin' Pelle Almqvist** from **The Hives** jumped up onstage to belt out a few numbers. Way cool. **The Sahara Hotnights** provided us with professionalism seen far too seldom in the garage rock scene. They're damn fine lookin' too. Anyway, with my rock cup running over, we wind down with a slice of pizza, and catch **Michael Gira**'s acoustic set at CB's 313 Gallery. I kicked myself for missing him the last time he played Vancouver, so it is just a joy to see him play for a very small (but demented) crowd of about 30. One fan can't contain himself after one number and runs onstage and kisses Gira on the mouth. The former **Swans** lead man does not appreciate this at all, and even after they kick the obsessed fan out, Gira has to take five minutes to compose himself. However, once he

treated us to a taste of sublime glam rhythm and blues and surprise guest **Howlin' Pelle Almqvist** from **The Hives** jumped up onstage to belt out a few numbers. Way cool. **The Sahara Hotnights** provided us with professionalism seen far too seldom in the garage rock scene. They're damn fine lookin' too. Anyway, with my rock cup running over, we wind down with a slice of pizza, and catch **Michael Gira**'s acoustic set at CB's 313 Gallery. I kicked myself for missing him the last time he played Vancouver, so it is just a joy to see him play for a very small (but demented) crowd of about 30. One fan can't contain himself after one number and runs onstage and kisses Gira on the mouth. The former **Swans** lead man does not appreciate this at all, and even after they kick the obsessed fan out, Gira has to take five minutes to compose himself. However, once he

strut and fret

performance/art by Penelope Mulligan

FESTIVAL OF IMMORTALITY Friday, November 15 Croatian Cultural Centre

I arrived way too early. Although the place was already quite full, the show didn't start until well after 10, leaving plenty of time for attendees to parade their finery in the lobby and for me to have unsettling flashbacks to *The Twilight Zone*—unsettling, because the Croatian is cavernous and bland, no-one was dancing and I happened to be wearing not a stitch of black. Still, the coloured spotlights whizzed and the retro-goth tracks thumped.

The spectacle began suddenly with a terrific entrance by *The Mediaeval Baebes*, escorted through the hall by armoured knights from *The Society for Creative Anachronism* (to which we'll return anon). The eight chanteuses (the ninth member is multi-instrumentalist) have clear, plaint voices which sail through complex harmonies into beautiful minor-key collisions—in several languages. Visually though, the group serves up a Middle Ages more Hallmark than dark. In long, white dresses and vampy make-up, they evoke *The Mists of Avalon* with central heating and indoor plumbing. Wiggling and skanking in front of their mic stands, they resembled an octet of white Supremes—minus the tightly-synchronized moves. Perhaps a choreographer could teach them to vamp more mediaevally.

Just when all the songs were beginning to sound the same, a crew of vampires crept onstage, did a *Dracula* on the ladies and led them off in a trance. It seemed to be just what they needed, because when they returned as "*The Immortal Baebes*," their performance was driven by a dark magic lacking in their first set. Much of this was due to an infiltration of musicians assembled by Eyes and Teeth. Far from jarring with the traditional instruments, the addition of electric guitar, bass, cello and keyboards made the Baebes and their material fly. Best of all was a hypnotic, power-packed Taiko drummer on a riser high above the stage.

Between sets, the lords and ladies of *The Society for Creative Anachronism* entertained us with sword fights, hilarious theatrics and stately dances. While not professional performers, these people are truly dedicated to their chosen period in both role-play and costume. I think of them as a courtly fetish group.

It had been a long evening, but, as fully expected, the encroaching torpor was ploughed back by *Cirque Vampyre*. Lasting a mere 20 minutes, the act didn't take a second longer than necessary to do what it needed to do. The troupe of nine poured a Breughelian sea of acrobatic decadence over a rectangle of roped-off space down the center of the hall, up a ramp and onto the stage, where Odesta the vampire diva held court with her acolytes. These included a set of cartwheeling, backflipping twins who looked like Weimar chorus girls, a tiny music-box dancer, two boy-toy gymnasts, a slinky seducer and a beggar. Their every trick brought her to vocal orgasm—made wonderfully

for brilliance or wankery. It's often deeply rooted in personal agenda or whim; can be an outgrowth of or a reaction to one's art school training—or a nose-thumb from those who've never been to art school. People who have no performing skills but want to perform anyway do it. More recently, highly-trained performers have been doing it in droves. It would seem to be an activity which is, at most, *turntable*.

When I learned that a senior performance class at the Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design would present an end-of-term show in December, I called instructor Fiona Bowie for a chat. Her class of third and fourth-year students marks the first time

In long, white dresses and vampy make-up, The Mediaeval Baebes evoke The Mists of Avalon with central heating and indoor plumbing.

sickening and scary by some sort of vocoder effect. Her victim was an innocent known as "Baby," who did a breathtaking aerial performance on the silks before being beaten down and fanged. Jason Filiphuck and George Earth's original music was perfect as it blew through a draughty castle into an uncertain future. Created, choreographed and directed by *Cirque du Soleil* veteran Sandra Botnen, this was circus without condescension. The group is based here, so if we're lucky, it won't be long before we see them again.

Hugely ambitious and impressive, *The Festival of Immortality* was the first outing for Eyes and Teeth Productions. My only caveats concerned things which are fixable—one of them being the venue. Imagine this in the Heritage Hall! The show's producers also made a clearer idea of what they wanted it to be: a cabaret with a well-paced lineup or a loosely-structured club night with people wandering about and stuff happening whenever. By leaving things somewhere in-between, they kept the event from doing justice to its magnificent parts.

THE PLUGHOLE

Q: What do art students do in performance class? A: Performance Art. That was easy, wasn't it? The stickier question concerns how on earth you'd wrestle this beast to the ground long enough to actually teach it. The most anarchic and protean of genres, it has equal potential

in some years that the school has offered such a course. Not surprisingly, much of the programme was still a mystery to Bowie at the time of our conversation, but by the time the show takes place, there will be nearly a dozen solo and collaborative pieces onscreen and in the flesh.

From what Bowie was able to reveal, it's clear that film or video will play a large part, either as documentation of process-based work or in the specific medium known as Performance Video, in which the camera is both primary audience and definer of the performance space. (Hmm. Am I missing something or is this not how actors have been dealing with the camera all along?) There will also be a piece in which the artist interrogates himself through multiple layers of his own projected image. For another, the artists took three days to walk from ECAD on Granville Island to Abbotsford, recording their journey in a series of stills taken at five-second intervals with a Super 8. When projected, the images run by so fast that their continuity is filmic.

Obviously, the students' training in various media has given their work technical and theoretical underpinnings that could raise the question of whether it's still Performance Art. They're well aware of these definition issues and will tackle them all when *Performance Works!* hits *The Blinding Light!* at 8:30pm on Sunday, December 8.

panarticon

the sound of spectacle by tobias

The vote was lost by numbers, by people who voted against change, against questioning, against local and global responsibility, against social contracts and compacts, against the future, for an inverted version of the past past referred to as 'the future'—it is the eternal now. And what is now? Complete horror, chaos, and dysfunction. And people voted for this? No. They voted against having to recognize this.

—Human being on the US Senate race, nettime 11.05.02.

UBC Profs Named in With- stand: The Right Says 'Justice-Money'

In the National Post: "Christian 'exposed to contempt': Lawsuit accuses UBC professors of discrimination based on religion," Oct. 24th, 2002. UBC English Graduate student Cynthia Maughan has launched a lawsuit against UBC, naming Doctors Lorraine Weir, Judy Segal, Susanna Egan, and Anne Scott, claiming discrimination based on religious grounds. But the prosecution reads like a conspiracy theory: that Dr. Weir penalized her for not attending a Sunday seminar when there was no participation mark; that Ms. Maughan was penalized for maintaining silence in the course despite Dr. Weir's approval; that Dr. Weir launched a campaign to discredit Ms. Maughan, and that the comments on her course papers are indicative of this discrimination, and that the UBC Senate decision (Ms. Maughan campaigned to have her mark changed from 73% to 79%, and lost) also reflects this discrimination, insofar as the English Department "mounted an irrelevant and unseemly attack upon [her] character for mental and emotional stability and for religious tolerance." Perhaps this amounts to a rap on the knuckles for a strenuous case with a mature student who obviously desires "justice."

Yet given the circumstances, the difficulty of the course material, and Maughan's position (it should be noted that Maughan is 42, hence there is a significant dynamics at stake here—as anyone who has been in graduate school with mature students can attest) the UBC Senate decision is fair and is no call for a lawsuit that is apparently headed into the 18 million dollar range. It would seem that this particular Christian—and I only say this as it plays a significant role in the prosecution's case—has reversed the policy of turning the other cheek. It would seem that Maughan feels that jus-

tice can be bought with money. I don't say this in spite: I say it to point out that the teachings of Christ, of love, have quickly given way, in this situation, to the prosecution lawyer's promise of the big bucks in compensation. (We might ask: so who has succumbed to temptation here?) And who is this lawyer? A rather prominent prosecutor for the Religious Right: Gerald Chipeur is listed on conservativeforum.org, whose motto is "Anyone who can bring the Conservative Party together can bring the

(if there is even a difference). The Squatters are doing—with their bodies, by placing them on the line—what all the Big Unions failed to do: breaking the Liberal government. And this breaking is called for. The police "confiscation" of the Squatters' belongings is theft, and a particularly low form of theft at that: it's despicable—trashing the few possessions of the truly poor. Let there be no question about it: now is the time to add your body to the others in front of Woodward's. Give so others can live.

There is a significant dynamic at stake here—as anyone who has been in graduate school with mature students can attest.

country together." Chipeur also writes for the Christian Legal Fellowship, where in one article he defends Trinity Western's "pledge of fidelity," which was seen as an attack on homosexuality. It should be noted that Chipeur styles himself as a "human rights" lawyer. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say a *Isfcar*-Christian Rights lawyer, insofar as Christianity can be levered through fiscal justice and that religion precedes fundamental human—and beyond human—rights. A glowing report on the lawsuit can be found in the *Midwest Conservative Journal*, where the article also claims "ethnic" discrimination as well as religious, and targets Dr. Weir for her testimony in the Robin Sharpe pornography case. So, students, if you are wondering why your tuition fees jump next year, it might be because Chipeur has claimed for "damages at an amount equal to two percent of UBC's annual budget." Yes, indeed, Chipeur is out to teach us a lesson, just like back in the good ol' days when they burned witches.

Supporting the Woodward's Squatters

At a recent conference of intellectual types, the problem of representation once again paralysed action. Stuck in asking "But if I support the Squatters, am I not speaking for them, and therefore robbing them of their voice?" (and so on), the Left lapses into negligent entropy. But it's not only a question of representation when it comes to the necessity of action. We must DO WITH. Get down to Woodward's: you're one body with the others. A squatter and intellectual

The US: Need I say More?

As US arrogance increases on the international stage (where the US has assumed all key roles save that of janitor), the apologetic nature of those opposed to War increases. I've noticed this in personal emails from American friends. I stopped to think how it would feel to live in a society where the majority seem so intent on not only the destruction of the other, of the phantasmatic possibilities of a TV War, of the blood-lust carnage and videogame violence on CNN, but of a desire to destroy one's self, a passion for abolition, for self-destruction, to bring on the apocalypse, to not decrease, but through aggression, increase terror, increase paranoia, seal it all in, the borders of the US, not like a machoist attempting to reduce the body, but like a paranoid master sealing in all flows. A friend of mine who holds dual US-Canadian citizenship was born in Syria. His anger is evident: he attacks all of us in class, all of our readings, which are generally radical and positive. Despite his intellectual rigour, being on the receiving end of so much hatred—he is in the US constantly—he lives there part-time—has turned him against all of the West. Such is what the US desires, with all its heart... The final Western Showdown, as Baudrillard sketches out so finely in *The Gulf War Did Not Take Place*. Yet, as Baudrillard demonstrates, it failed to happen last time—the sneaky Arabs refused to play the Western Cowboy game. But this time? •

Until I can have hope for humanity!

riff raff

by Bryce Dunn

My Christmas wish was successfully granted this year—and no, it's not a trip to Disneyland, dear readers, but more 7" stocking stuffers for you to use and abuse. My bespectacled (and currently band-less) buddy Brian gave me the debut platter by **THE MEXICAN BLACKBIRDS**, which includes one of his former band mates, drummer Jill Trueblood, who also banged the drum for **The Valentine Killers** before this. It's a fairly low-budget affair full of crunchy guitar, buried

The spirit of giving continues thanks to **Nardwuar** and his contribution to **THE ORPHANS** from Long Beach, California. Remember that scene in *The Warriors* where our heroes tangle with that gang at the bottom of the turf food chain? Well these tracks of messy, girl-fronted punk should have been playing in the background, with "Nobody's Fool" being the anthemic call-to-arms before they went into battle. "You see, Warriors? You see what you get when you mess with The Orphans?"

Indeed I do. My Christmas wish for The Orphans is more props where props are due—those **Warriors** would've had a good fight on their hands. (Malo Records, 6307 Northside Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90022)

Speaking of gangs, my favourite gang of good-time clubsters, **LES**

SEXAREENOS have been teaching our friends down under a thing or two about a thing or two. A new 45 on **Corndrums Records** (38 Advantage Rd. Hightett 3190 Australia) has me shakin' a tail-feather to "We Gonna Ball" (found on their 14

Frenzied Shakers LP), as well as "Why Why Why," a more '50s-style rocker, and a groovy cover of **Kenny And The Kasuals'** psych-punk number: "Journey To Tyme." You can do no wrong by adding these frat-rockin' pounders to the jukebox at the next ice-cream social, so get on it already! My Christmas wish for Les Sexareenos is that you update your goddamn website, you jerk! Whatsamattawithyou? (<http://www.angelfire.com/pq/sexareenos/>)

Virtually hot off the press and slidin' down the chimney just in time for this here column (even though I just looked at the credits to see that it was released almost a year ago??!) is the latest from **NEON KING KONG**. Now this is a little more my speed—readers of my previous reviews of **Gold Standard Labs** material have probably noted my utter confusion in trying to competently review bands like **The Monitor Bats** and **Armstrong**, but I feel like a helluva lot better with this.

Basically, **Neon King Kong** is a logical extension of **Le Shok**. (I think the singer is in this group), who played uber-snotty keyboard-faced punk for the neo-wave kids in their skinny ties and tight pants. The two songs here, "Mix Up The Mix" and "Jerks Are Creeping," keep up the snotty end thanks to lyrics like, "Let's mix up the mix and shake out all the squares," but pull out a dance vibe that wasn't always evident with **Le Shok's** more pogo-centric stuff. So do the herky-jerky and shake it all about—and that's my Christmas wish for listeners of **Neon King Kong**. (Gold Standard Laboratories, PO Box 178262, San Diego, CA, USA 92177)

We save the biggest present for last, a 10" from Danish duo, **THE RAVEONETTES** (who, upon further investigation, reveal themselves to be a quartet; but no matter—it is the boy/girl pairing of Sune Rose Wagner and Sharin Foo that attract attention first off). Now, lest ye be thinkin' they be another **White Stripes**: think again. They pledge allegiance to the flags of **Suicide** and **The Jesus and Mary Chain**, rather than the blues of **Blind Willie McTell**. Like the Stripes, though, they do share a stripped-down garage approach to their songwriting, with flashes of feedback guitar punctuating the thumping voodoo drums on



vocals, and sweaty rhythms, but nonetheless rockin'; four tracks that drunkenly stumble down memory lane to Texas (for some late-night carousing at the gravesite of **The Motards**) and back to their own backyard (to fall down at the front steps of **Gas Huffer's** house), and the next day wipe themselves off and do it all over again. My Christmas wish for Brian is for someone to put a brand new band under his tree this year—don't disappoint me folks! (The Mexican Blackbirds, PO Box 7569 Tacoma, WA 98406)

My francophone friend Fred delivered the new one-sided **KAMIKAZES** single "Christiane" to me tout de suite, as they say, but with an additional treat attached—a song from a previous effort called "Time For Rock And Roll." Now that tune is great, but "Christiane" is genius! Tuneful, **Real Kids**-inspired power-pop that oozes charm and has me picturing the guys crooning to our girl in question while she sunbathes on the beach or (insert scenario here)—it's just the right kind of song to cleanse the palate on that mix tape. My suggestion is to end Side One with this cut and start Side Two with **The Beatz's** "Don't Wait Up For Me." My Christmas wish for The Kamikazes is a full-length feature. C'mon fellas, dontcha think its time? (www.zaxxonvinilink.com)



"Attack Of The Ghost Riders," and the sleepwalk drone of the **Velvet Underground**-inspired "Bowels Of The Beast." More singing than yelping also helps the songs out a bunch too, as is the case with "Do You Believe Her"—probably the most "pop" influenced number on this slab. A band to watch and wish they had more of an impact here in North America. (Crunchy Frog Records, Studiestraede 24, DK-1455 Copenhagen)

You are now probably wishing this column was finished—lucky for you, it is. See you in '03!

RUMBLETONE PRODUCTIONS

NEW YEARS EVE BASH!

FOUR FABULOUS ROOMS

BIG JOHN BATES & THE VOODOO DOLLS
PSYCHO A GOGO

SEATTLE'S LUSHY JETTY BROOKS
★ EL DORADO ★
TIKI TORCH COUNTRY

BARON SAMEDI
FRENZIED SOUL JAZZ

HAPPY NEW YEAR DJ'S
MC ROBERT DAYTON
HIPSTER EXTRAORDINAIRE

TODD TOMORROW
THE PRINCESS OF ROCKABILLY
MISS RUBY JANE
VINTAGE SOUL SELECTORS

THE J-ROYS
FABULOUS WALDORF HOTEL

1489 E. HASTINGS
ADVANCE TICKETS \$40 @ Zulu, Cabbages & Mink Red Cat Records, Highlife & The Waldorf Hotel

WWW.RUMBLETONE.COM
INFO 604 878 GOGO
TICKET LINE 604 785 9333

CINESTR AND RUMBLETONE PRODUCTIONS PRESENT

THE 1ST ANNUAL I M V F FESTIVAL

INDIE MUSIC VIDEO Thursday

January 16th 9pm

finger sixtytwo 1818 granville street

"nearby munchies & adult drinks"

Due to Popular Demand! TICKETS \$12 at door

Monsen / New Pornographers / The Carnations / The Weakerthens / Nasty On / The Salteens

The Real Kids / Kevin Kane / Huevos Rancheros / The Frenzies / Pete Turand Band / The Boreas

Star Collector / Siltososa / Carved Hymn / Carolyn Mink / Richards & Vinos / A Pease / DDA

Brundilly / Andy Shmushkin / Geoff Berner / Radiogram / RALPH / The Smugglers / The Snitches

On Gusanna / Gino Holden / Linda McRae / Veal / Ashley Park / Captain Striker / Martin Telle

Tamara Williamson / Bookkeepers / Young & Seay / Dandy Pale / Bocephus King / The Organ

STATIONS / The Real McKenzies / Mecca Normal / The Deers / Royal Grand Prix / No Means No

Riff Handlets / Mark Crozier / The Evaporators / COAL / Dutton Four / Jughead / Grapes of Wrath

Jack Tripper / World Provider / I Am Spontaneous / The Meisels / Mark Koster Power Trip

New Town Animals / Chris Houston / Duquang / Graig Market / Metalwood / Wig-Out / Sin-Tones

INFO (604) 878-4646 WWW.IMVF.COM

vancover special

local reviews by Janis McKenzie

It's the so-called holiday season, the time when so many of us fall into weeks of family and gift-buying anxiety that is only slightly dulled by hefty doses of shortbread and seasonal beverages. But *Vancouver Special* just might have a solution for the present-purchasing problem: why not give your loved ones the gift of local music? Honestly, there's something for everyone. Here are a few suggestions from this year's columns:

For the former or present headline punks in your life, you can't beat local heroes **DOA**. Just Play It Over and Over (5-song EP, Sudden Death Records) is loud, political, and best of all catchy. **Bif Naked** makes an appearance too, which ought to broaden the appeal even more. And for the hockey-loving punk subgroup, consider the **Hanson Brothers' My Game** (Mint Records). (Note that the Hanson Bros. are much more fun if you've seen the movie *Slap Shot*, available on VHS for around 11 bucks.)

For relatives and friends

who don't necessarily want to rock and might not ever have tuned into a campus radio station, but know a good thing when they hear it, you might do well with a roots recording. 2002 has been a good year for the big, loosely-defined roots scene in Vancouver, mainly thanks to the hard-working and very active RANCH people. Anyone open to alt-country, folk, rockabilly, or just good clean gorgeous singing and playing will like RANCH's *Showdown: 22 Golden Nuggets...*

(Independent) which includes tracks from Linda McRae, Graham Brown, Carolyn Mark, Coal, Radiogram, Auburn, Swank, The Deadcats, and others. Coincidentally, most of these artists put out their own CDs in the past year or so, and I haven't heard one that wasn't worth listening to. **Conrad's** self-titled debut (Swoop Discs) is quirky and clever but also dreamy and pleasantly subtle, and will appeal to anyone who actually listens to lyrics.

But it was a good year for fresh indie pop/rock too. Anyone you know who has

name-dropped the **Strokes** or **White Stripes** (etc., etc.) this year is bound to love a CD from Vancouver's own hard-working energetic young things, including the 5-song self-titled EP (Independent) from supremely catchy SHINDIG contestants **SK Robot**, or **Love Tonight** (Mint Records) from the straight-ahead (and off-lovestruck) **Mark Kleiner Power Trio**. Women-fronted bands include the totally rocking **The Cinch** (self-titled EP on Stutter Records) and utterly irresistible **Volumizer** (*Gaga for Gigi*, Mint Records). And, last but not least, don't forget **Shot Spots** (Visionary Records), the **Trooper** tribute CD that includes accordion and bagpipes as well as industrial-sounding tracks, and bands ranging from **JPS** and **DOA** to **The Real McKenzies** and reverent glamsters **The Transvestimentals**.

Thirty fabulous tracks! Thirtyfabulous stars!

Happy holidays! •

radio free press

zines, etc. by Bleek

As much as I'd like to piss someone off this month, I've been given very little reason to. Some of BC's best zines have been busy setting the standard for what zines can deliver in presentation and content—and all (for the most part) with limited resources. The bad news is that in a recent personal relocation I have misplaced a few of these zines, but here's

has actually doubled in size from the previous miss that Norman had been producing. *Motorcycho* is almost slick in its production now, but it's also the same trusty, crusty occasional with a never-tiring fascination with motorcycle-related music, comics, road stories and more. With the stickers, vintage eye-candy and approachable look at bike-culture, there's no way

length of this comic also has many peripheral panels that become their own tale until at last meeting up with the original. This is gorgeous and obviously one of the best of the year. And still speaking of the best, Rebecca's live-in house elf Robin Bougie continues assaulting the senses with another **CINEMA SEWER**, the zine about the fringes of motion picture and video mayhem. There's nothing like it—all researched to the hilt and curiously disturbing. Search these up in the usual shops or write to #320-440 E. 5th, Vancouver BC V5T 1N5.

Remaining with the comic zine for now, **LOSER** (Bootleg Comics, 1043 Indian Drive Ct. Apt. 104, Ann Arbor Michigan 48105) groups the linkings of three Californian comic artists who are admitted nerds, but more on that later. The pathetic tales of post-pubescent males are reshaped again in comic form. Oh the loneliness, oh the angst, oh the fantasies. Sad and truly dorky. This carries three comics within and the last one, which focuses on the artist's relationship with these nuts, is skillfully executed and only a little confusing. And, going back to the nerd aspect, the same people produce **GEEK MONTHLY** (which is going through a *Star Wars* phase at the moment). All the news on their conventions, favourite characters, people in full *Star Wars* fan garb, a comic, the gamut. Fun and oh so geeky. Thanks, Mr. Lucas; I'm adding you to another George's 'Axis of Evil' list.

Thanks for the free ones. For the ones I had to buy, you owe me money. •

Already people have reported symptoms of nausea, and if that doesn't sell it, I don't know what will.

what I have in front of me: From the ever-surprising Abbotsford scene comes a great little standard-sized effort called **BULL SHEET** (2846 Evergreen St. Abbotsford, BC V2T 2S1). With innovative layout and better-than-average writing, editor Ryan Dyck is able to create something extraordinary with the skate-punk zine. There's some coverage of things which can be found in too many other publications (Piebald, Slam City Jam, etc.), but Ryan breathes new life into these subjects with good humour and an ability to really flesh out an interview or music/show review. This is what it's all about. This is why we do what we do. Full advantage is taken of space with his deft design skills and willingness to blab on about stuff that somehow makes me care.

The long-running motorcycle zine **MOTORCYCHO #17** (PO Box 1564, Point Roberts, WA 98281-1564 and www.ratbike.org/motorcycho) looks like a million bucks. While it's still a small zine, it

to lose by tracking this down. Oh, and listen to *Motordaddy* 3 to 5 pm, Wednesdays, right after *Radio Free Press*.

I'm proud to announce the return of yet another item which should be kept away from children: **OFF KILTER #8**. Available at good comic shops on Main (or contact jimmythespitter@hotmail.com), its creator Tim Grant has a way of melding items that are simultaneously very funny, exquisitely polished, and thoroughly disgusting. It's a beautiful thing. Recurring hero and sexual-aid goblin Jimmy the Spitter is back and makes an appearance after the detailed origin of two new villains is unravelled. Already people have reported symptoms of nausea, and if that doesn't sell it, I don't know what will. I know you too well.

That should be enough for the month, but no, it's been a good season for the rippin' locals. Rebecca Dart's **RABBIT HEAD** comic is not only a wonder to behold but it's also a marvel in creative formatting. A cartoon panel that runs the

Burcu's Angels

colour
texture
fun
magic

24
hour
free
box



Open 7 days a week

2535 Main Street

604.874.9773

Record South of the Border!

2" 16/24 track Analog

A Large "Live" Room, Real Echo/Reverb Chamber
No Bullshit, Satisfaction Guaranteed!

(206) 525-0628

Vagrant Records

email- studio@vagrantrecords.com

SEATTLE WA

over my shoulder

book reviews by Doretta

ON STARGAZING

You're never supposed to look directly at the sun, lest you go blind. And though the sun is really just another star, it doesn't hurt to star gaze, especially when the stars in question are people, rather than giant balls of gaseous matter. Sometimes stars of the people variety become super inflated, but that's another story.

When someone famous enters a room, it becomes kind of quiet, then everyone tries to be super cool about the whole thing. You might lean over to your friend or acquaintance and say, "I love your shirt. Jarvis Cocker is standing right behind you," or, "Kate Moss looks fabulous tonight," as if it's normal that she's shown up at the London party you're at. Or you're sitting in the Sugar Refinery while Michael Stipe is in the room. Everyone continues on as if he's not there at all and no one approaches him.

Since you are *DISORDER* readers, the last scenario likely best applies. And if you're like me, your personal icons are on the more obscure or unusual side. My own choices are downright nerdy. I love Phillip Seymour Hoffman! Daniel Handler is the coolest! I wrote fanmail to Lynn Crosbie! I wish I was Zadie Smith! The Steve Buscemi doppelganger who works the graveyard shift at the mom and pop store down the street from my apartment is God!

The one thing that remains true about fame in today's hyper mediated world is that it is subjective. Geographic and socio-economic factors come into play, which is why terms such as "local celebrity" exist. If you reference a Canadian media personality to American friends, they won't know who you're talking about. Or mention that you met a poet while getting coffee and all your non-literary friends will just yawn.

So one Friday night I found myself at the Anvil Press and Talon Books open house. My friends were discussing who was The Most Famous Person in the Room. I nominated Jean Smith from Mecca Normal. Someone else named Fred Wah (whose book *Diamond Grill*, is a seminal work on literary theory's latest hot topic: hybridity). Finally we all agreed that George Bowering, by virtue of being the poet laureate of Canada, was The Most Famous Person in the Room. Half an hour later, I went downstairs for a smoke. As I puffed away,

a man in a sports windbreaker pledging allegiance to the team from Colorado said "That's a mad cigarillo you're smoking there." I said "It's a clove cigarette," to which he replied "I hate cloves." Then someone started talking about the '80s television show *Knight Rider*. A minute elapsed before I realized that I had just spoken to George Bowering, poet laureate of Canada, a.k.a. The Most Famous Person in the Room.

GEORGE BOWERING RYAN KNIGHTON Cars

(Coach House Press)
Of course, as soon as I got home from the party that night I picked up my copy of *Cars*. In their "auto biography," Bowering and Vancouver writer Ryan Knighton each write 50 pieces that draw on their car memories.

There is a lot of stargazing happening in the pages of *Cars*. In addition to pop cultural references to David Hasselhoff, John Cusack, Robert DeNiro, and Stevie Wonder, Bowering and Knighton choose to refer to their writer friends by first and last name, so we get to ride with Michael Turner, Doris Lessing, Fred Wah, Roy Miki, Wade Compton, Sharon Thesen, and Stan Persky. In one piece, Knighton confesses that he drove for two years though he was legally blind. In another, he humorously blends French and English together to talk about a trip to France. Some of Bowering's pieces are travelogues, spanning the continent and touching down in Australia. Though their styles are distinct, the book is quite even in tone and a quick, entertaining read.

T COOPER Some of the Parts (Akashic Books)

T Cooper is a graduate of the Columbia MFA fiction program and was a member of the drag king spoof band The Backdoor Boys. It's quite fitting that Akashic Books, a New York press run by a member of the band Boys Against Girls, has published her first novel.

Some of the Parts is a four part narrative, told in the first person for three of the characters and in limited third person for the fourth. The novel begins and ends with the narration of Isak, a woman whose boyish good looks land her a job with the Cone Island freak show. Then there's Taylor, whose striking beauty has allowed her to

get whatever she wants, but has also garnered her much unwanted attention from the authority figures in her life. The third character is Arlene, who is Taylor's mom, and, finally, Charlie is Taylor's uncle and Isak's former roommate. Charlie has AIDS and a Beverly Hills, 90210 obsession. Cooper skillfully intertwines the four narratives and addresses gender issues without being academic or preachy. Best of all, her pop cultural sensibility makes *Some of the Parts* a thoroughly funny read.

ZADIE SMITH The Autograph Man (Hamish Hamilton)

The Autograph Man is Londoner Zadie Smith's follow-up novel to her critically acclaimed debut novel, *White Teeth*. In this latest novel, Smith reminds us once again that she is very clever, oh-so-cool and one of the best writers of her generation.

Her protagonist is Alex-Li Tandem, a Chinese Jew who lives in London. Alex is an autograph man and his life's ambition is to acquire the autograph of a '40s film actress named Kitty Alexander. Not only does the novel deal with the our society's obsession with celebrity, it also subtly addresses race relations in the UK and the United States. While on a business trip to New York, Alex meets Honey Brown, who also deals in memorabilia. She's a minor celebrity herself, a fictionalized Divine Brown (the woman arrested for giving Hugh Grant a blow job). In a key scene Alex and Honey find themselves dining in the presence of a famous 17-year-old girl. Alex remarks that the girl is a "symbolic sexual vortex, added to by means of infinite repetition, televisual sheen. Not necessarily prettier than the waitress. Or you. Or me. Irrelevant. She is the power of seventeen. You remember the power of seventeen? It's nuclear. She's seventeen for the whole world." In a few short sentences, Smith is able to nail what fuels the cult of celebrity and our stargazing tendencies. The realm of fantasy has become larger than us. From billboards to film screens, television to the internet, other people's experiences are taking up more time and space than our own. In *The Autograph Man*, Alex gets closure. Our own lives are not novels, so denouement is rare; possible; thus our stargazing narratives continue on.

OUT NOW
ONE BASSIST AND ONE DRUMMER
LOUD ENOUGH TO MOVE THINGS IN YOUR PANTS.
DEATH FROM ABOVE
HEADS UP CD/LP (ACHE 009)
EX BLACK CAT #13 / CURRENT FEMME FATALE MEMBERS
PO BOX 18198 / VANCOUVER #101, VANCOUVER B.C. V6H 4E4 CANADA
WWW.ACHERECORDS.COM
ACHE

COMING SOON
HOT HOT HEAT / THE RED LIGHT STING
SPLIT REPRESS ON ENHANCED CD!
FEMME FATALE
"FROM THE ABUNDANCE OF THE HEART, THE MOUTH SPEAKS" CD/LP
KID COMMANDO
CD/LP



Christa Min
My Ass
Alternating Mondays
6:30-7:30pm



Christa Min was unavailable at press time, so this questionnaire was completed by her publicist, Mr. Tim Cook. He can be reached at timcook@christamin.com.

Record played most often on your show:
Harmonia 76 or John Fahey's *Christmas* album Vol. 2.

Record you would save in a fire:
Billy Joel, *Turnstiles*.

Record that should burn in hell:
Joy Division, *Closer*. (Just try to get her to explain this one: fucked, I know.)

Worst record that you like:
Everything by Bennie Mardones, Donnie Iris, and Interpol.

First record that you bought:
Charlie Pride's *Greatest Hits*.

Last record you bought:
John Fahey's *Christmas* Album Vol. 2.

Musician you would most like to marry:
The guitar player currently in Destroyer. (Who else?)

Favourite show on CTR:
What's Narduar Up To? Every third Thursday at 3am and pm.

Strangest phone call while on air:
An old man, claiming to be wearing women's undergarments, asking her to tell him how beautiful he is and/or play dead. She said it was very weird but strangely compelling.



DISORDER: So what's new with you?

Carolyn Mark: Well, I'm going to Alberta soon to do a bunch of gigs with Corb Lund.

Cool! Solo?

I'm bringing Tolan (McNeil), my guitarist, and I'm meeting up with Ritchie Ranchero from Huevos Rancheros.

So tell me about this hootenanny thing that you do back in Victoria.

I do one every Sunday, four o'clock, at Thursday's. It's more like a jam. It's been really great lately; we're on a bit of a roll. We get some really cool people from out of town like Kris Demeanor from Calgary and his band. There's a really good core of local people that come out, and some of them are starting to get their own gigs!

At the Rootsfest festival in Victoria this summer they let us do our hootenanny as part of the festival, and then later that night we did one at the bar. It went until five in the morning, since there were so many people from out of town.

How'd you get to be so tight with the Alberta crowd?

We just started going there with the Vinaigrettes. It was the only place where people liked us! So they kept inviting us back. I love it there—it's a bit more hippie-ish, if I may be frank.

I was pleasantly surprised to see you up on stage as one of the emcees of the Calgary Folk Festival this summer. How'd you get that gig?

Well, I played there last year and I guess they loved me and wanted me back. It was pretty nerve-wracking but a lot of fun.

What are the odds are of you doing something similar at the Vancouver Folk Festival?

[Laughs] Well, first I should apply. But from what I can tell by the lineup, it's a bit more hippie-ish, if I may be frank.

In my attempt to dig up some dirt, I talked to your friend and former Room-mate Paul Pigat. He said to ask about the "Pantless Trio."

Ohhhh! Me, Neko Case and John Guliak. We were singing some backup on his Cousin Harley record. The engineering guy wasn't uptight, but he was kinda nervous that all the mics weren't going to work. We decided we were going to take our pants off; we'd be more relaxed. It was mostly for the amusement of the engineer. So we took our pants down and he didn't even notice... that was the best part! We did the take with our pants down.

Sounds like a great trio, actually.

I doubt if Paul would ever take us on the road. [Laughs]

Speaking of Neko, do you talk to her much these days? You're both pretty busy.

Neko was in Victoria recently, so we got to hang out a bit.

14 December 2002

Ever since her days with the Vinaigrettes, Victoria's Carolyn Mark has been a gal on the go. Currently fronting Carolyn Mark and the Room-Mates, she's recently released *Terrible Hostess* on Mint Records, her twangy follow-up to *Party Girl*.

Carolyn has worn a lot of chapeaux this year: folk festival emcee, two CD releases on Mint (the other one a tribute to Robert Altman's film *Nashville*), one half of the Corn Sisters (with Neko Case). Somehow she still finds the time to keep up her party chops.

Disorder caught up with Carolyn before a recent gig at the Sugar Refinery.

CAROLYN MARK One Half of the Corn Sisters Lets Her Pants Down

BY VAL CORMIER

When's your next Corn Sisters gig? Or do you have time for that?

New Year's Eve in Dawson City, Yukon! Pretty exciting. We've only done two shows this year, and they've both been in Dawson City.

I hear it's a rockin' town.

It's amazing. Everyone's up there for a reason. I don't know, I don't want to ask.

We've never played there on a New Year's before, though. All I know is that they turned an Odd Fellows hall into a nice art gallery. They usually have the "Odd Ball," but for us they're going to have the "Corn Ball" instead.

I guess it'd be close to midnight all day long, really.

No, it doesn't get very light that time of year.

Corn Sisters is still happening, then?

Definitely. Neko's really busy—actually, we're both really busy—but since she invited me and my band to go on the road with her next year, I'm sure we can expect to see some Corn Sisters action.

So you still have the props?

Oh, you mean the Colonel! [The corn-shaped dildo] He's in the underwear drawer, languishing.

You've put out two CDs, done a couple of Corn Sisters gigs, emceed at a folk festival—what else have I missed?

I put out a recipe book to go with *Terrible Hostess*. And aprons. We're gonna sell them at gigs.

What's the smallest town you played on this tour?

Twin Butte, Alberta. It's two buildings. It's got two buildings: the Twin Butte general store and bar. They had Mexican food. It holds about 30 people. We had a really good time and we got to stay on a ranch.

What are your plans for Christmas holidays?

Well, we're touring with Corb until December 23, and then I'm going to go to my mom's. I usually have a Boxing Day party at my house, and then we're going to Dawson City!

What's the big family tradition in the Mark household during the holidays?

My brother's wife sucks the gravy out of the tablecloth. [Laughs hysterically] Well, that's what happened last year, so I'm hoping it's a tradition.

Ford Pier's grandparents live about two blocks away from my mom's place in White Rock, so he always comes over. We have the kid cocktail lounge. And Carl Newman's parents live pretty close, too, so he came over last year. We felt pretty adult.

You put out that *Tribute to Nashville* CD earlier this year and you've acted out the movie before in Victoria. Are you hoping to do that again?

I would love to, but it's a hard one to pull together. I was really gung ho, but then I fizzled. It's a lot of work and a lot of people to not pay. I'm trying to figure out how we can do it in style, but I haven't figured that out yet.

You got a pretty good response to the CD in the States, didn't you?

Yeah, I even sent a copy to Robert Altman, but I haven't heard back from him yet. But I have an email friend in LA, and he met Karen Black and Cristina Raines from the movie, and he told them that we'd made a tribute. They were like, "Oh, that's interesting."

And last but not least... any New Year's resolutions for 2003?

[Long pause] Nope! Absolutely none.

Paper Moon is a Winnipeg-based band. Terms used to describe their music include "poppy," "sweet," and "catchy as hell." Unlike other pop bands, they like to write songs with long titles such as "Your Thesaurus Won't Help You Now" and "Mercury is Clearly Opposing Neptune." Their debut album with the equally lengthy title *One Thousand Reasons To Stay... One Reason To Leave*, released this summer, became a hit on campus radio and received rave reviews from the press.

The four members of Paper Moon can be considered veterans of the music business. The band features Allison Somers (ex-B'ehl) on guitar, Bob Somers (ex-B'ehl and The Bonaduces) on bass, Chris Hiebert (also ex-B'ehl and The Bonaduces) on drums, and Heather Campbell (ex-The Electrosonics and Bossanova) on keyboards and guitar.

I talked to Allison and Chris before a recent show at the Railway Club during their first Western tour. This was before they decided to spray me with a dose of Binaca.



DISORDER: Can you tell us a bit about the history of Paper Moon and what the band B'ehl has to do with it?

Allison: B'ehl is me and Melanie (Barnes). We were friends in high school. Then we recruited Bob. A couple years later Chris came into B'ehl. It was good for about a year, but then Melanie wanted to go in a different direction than the three of us—a folkier direction. She was writing slow, quiet songs. She and I both wrote an equal amount of songs, so I would counter that with louder and faster songs. So there was this tug of war and none of us really felt that good about it. It didn't seem like a concise band.

Chris: It wasn't cohesive at all. It was two different directions and it was this constant pull.

Allison: Yeah. So we thought that we would just call it quits. We felt like we really couldn't go any further with it. Then a couple months later the three of us—Bob, Chris, and I—decided that we really missed playing together. So we decided to start up a new band and it turned out that Heather was going to be moving to Winnipeg. When we were on tour in Vancouver, we bumped into her and I mentioned that I might be starting up a new band and if she were to move to Winnipeg we'd love to have her. So she moved and joined the band as well.

So, do you still consider yourself B'ehl? The name of the band is from the first B'ehl CD entitled *Only A Paper Moon*.

Chris: When three quarters of a band come from another band comparisons are going to be drawn. One thing we all wanted to avoid when we started out was putting "ex-members of B'ehl, ex-members of Bonaduces, and ex-members of Bossanova" on the posters. But instead of starting completely from scratch we still wanted to have some reference to the past. The first B'ehl album was *Only A Paper Moon*, so we figured we'd reference that. That's where the name came from, I guess. I think we are a progression of B'ehl.

Would a big difference between B'ehl and Paper Moon be that you dropped the softer songs as Paper Moon?

Allison: It's not even that. We do have some softer songs, but there's more dynamic to them. They are not just at one level. Our slow songs have some power to them, which wasn't what Mel wanted. She just wanted soft all the way through a song. Our slower songs are more emotional, I guess.

Chris: You know, B'ehl had the two directions, the constant pull, but now one of sources of that pull is gone, so we are free to go in the direction that we were intending to go, anyways. More rocky, more dynamic.

How are you guys enjoying your Western tour so far?

Allison: We had a couple of good shows. It's a little humbling starting off a new band, but surprisingly we had a good show in Saskatoon and a good show in Calgary. Kind of starting from scratch—no one has heard of you.

Chris: Some people have heard of us.

MORE ROCK, MORE DYNAMIC Paper Moon Rises Like a Phoenix Out Of Winnipeg

BY BEN LAI

Allison: Yeah, there are B'ehl fans that somehow found out about us.

Chris: There's this Endearing name, too. Sort of this mark of quality, I guess. [Laughs] We are familiar with the West; we have a lot of contacts in the West, so it's fairly easy for Endearing bands to tour out here. It's all friends and family. Everybody knows everybody else.

Any interesting tour stories this time?

Chris: Okay. A couple days ago, on the way to Nelson, I killed my first animal on the highway. I ran over this little squirrel. He had food in his mouth in the middle of the highway. I thought he was just going to sit there, and then all of a sudden he ran out in front of the tires.

Allison: That's kind of sad.

Chris: Yeah. I still feel like crap about that. That's my interesting tour story. I killed a squirrel and I'm really sorry.

Allison: Yeah, I felt so bad for you. I just want to give you a big hug.

Is that a van you were driving?

Allison: Yes. We rented a big-ass van this time. Old 1989 van or something. Makes a lot of noises.

Chris: Eleven passenger van. And we stop about every hour for gas.

Who runs and maintains your website?

Chris: I do.

Compared to other bands' websites, the Paper Moon website is updated very frequently.

Chris: It is.

Allison: It's very important.

Chris: I used to be in The Bonaduces, and I used to maintain the website for that, but wasn't in control of the content. I was very, very frustrated by the lack of updates. We would go for months

without anything. It really got to me, and I just determined to myself that I was never going to have a band website do that again.

Allison: And, I mean, you go to a band's website, and you want to see something different. You want to see what's new with the band. When we toured out east and in the States we met quite a few people. And we realized that the only way to keep in touch with the people that we met is basically through the website.

Chris: It just makes the band seem active. And it's fun.

Do you ever get any interesting email through the website?

Allison: We get emails from two Paper Moon bands. We got Paper Moon from Holland who emailed us, sent us a CD and promised us that if we wanted to go down there they would take us on a tour with them. And then we got another email from a Paper Moon swing band in Vancouver.

That's crazy. I've never heard of them.

Chris: Yeah, the Paper Moon

Orchestra. They heard about us I guess a couple of years ago when we first started and didn't think much of us. I guess they now just found out that we are more active, so the guy emailed me and said, "Just so you know, we've changed our name to the Paper Moon Orchestra..."

Allison: "Since you guys are going national and everything," [Laughs]

Chris: "Just to avoid any confusion."

Describe and explain the Binaca project.

Chris: Ok. Well, what happens is Allison sprays Binaca into people's mouths, and I take a Polaroid of it as it's happening. And we study the results and determine whether or not that person is a robot based on their reaction. [Laughs]

Allison: And it's not like we are against robots at all. It's just that we understand that they are around and we are curious as to how many there are.

Chris: Pure statistical analysis.

And how many photographs have you collected so far?

Allison: We got a lot. How many did we collect so far?

Chris: We got about thirty. Out west on this tour we have about forty. By the time we get home we'll have about seventy.

And you are going to post them on your website? Or maybe your living room wall?

Allison: The eastern ones are already posted under the photo gallery on our website. And then we'll post these ones when we get back. We have a little write-up for each person.

Chris: It's just another way to have human contact with the audience.

Allison: Everyone wants to see their picture on the website. You know what I mean? [Laughs]

Now that you've read all about the Paper Moon website, you can visit it yourself at <http://www.papermoon.ca>.



"We're like a fucking boy band."

I remember, back in the day, a little interview conducted in a van outside the Brickyard. I was plumb thrilled to get to chat it up with four very cute island boys—Hot Hot Heat—who were as eager to please in print as on the stage. Not too much has changed in that department: Steve Bays (voice, keyboards) and Paul Hawley (drums) could still talk their way out of a wet paper bag without leaving a dent. I fell just as foolishly for their good-natured answers this time around as last. So much for in-depth journalism...

Or not? What could have been a very dull, very complimentary article got a boost of trouble-buggin' when we here at DISORDER were informed that the band was very disappointed with the way things had gone down. Oh? Pray tell, what was so very dissatisfactory about all those smiles and leg-pats? If there was a problem with what was said, there was nothing behind their good-natured grins to let me know at the time. Nothing that came out until their manager called the offices to air their lengthy concerns about probing questions and tone of voice.

The band's new album, while sounding not a single shred like early HHH material, is retartedly catchy and well-played. I like it. Present tense. What I don't like, however, is the fact that these boys have become masters of two-faced media double-speak. Dustin Hawthorne (bass) remained silent for most of the interview, as I snapped at him for watching TV and not paying attention early on, so he's exempt from said criticism. I had him pegged as the villain originally, but I was to see the error of my bruised-ego ways. Dante DeCaro (guitar) also went light on the Q&A, possibly because a lot of what I wanted to know had to do with skeletons in the closet. The other two more than made up for this lop-sided silence, offering up humorous answers to any question Doretta [Lau, on secret assignment for mag with a payroll] or I sent in their direction, whether the question was deserving of a joke or not.

What I really wanted to know about was what they'd done with their old singer. Matty disappeared a few years back, and there are many rumours floating around as to why he's no longer with the band. These rumours will keep on floating, as I got shit for a response. Funny Steve said, "we broke his kneecaps and his elbows and folded him into a suitcase and sent him to Hawaii, where we pay his living expenses..."

"...to remain silent," added Jolly Paul. Heh. Good stuff. And then he went diplo. "He had a different outlook. It wasn't necessarily a bad outlook, but it was a different outlook. Dustin and Steve and I always wanted to branch out and do different things, and now I feel like we can do anything. With Matt, I don't want to say anything against him—he's a great guy—but we were definitely limited...melodically."

Okay, so enough about Matty. Bad blood smoothed over really nicely there.

What's less easy to smooth over is the fact that the band ROYALLY SUCKED during the first few months of its reconfigured existence. I might be low-balling it there, but that's for the true fans to decide. "We played shows for six months that we should never have played," Dante's quick to admit.

"There's stuff we were doing six months ago that I wish we weren't doing. There's stuff we were doing six days ago that I wish

we weren't doing..." It seems that Steve's grabbed the Sharing Scissors and started to run with them, sharp side up.

"Like, I'm not going to want to do this interview in a week, you know..." Ouch! Paul may have just stabbed me in the eye!

If only I had stayed within the tame realm of fashion, none of the ensuing trouble and chiding phone calls would have occurred. Glancing through the press pack that Sub Pop sent to Doretta, I was amazed at how much people give a shit about bad perms and tight pants. Hot Hot Heat's "look" has never really factored into my interest in their music, but I might be in the minority with that, since Dustin's hair is in JANE magazine. A description of his music? Not yet.

"We're like a fucking boy band," states Paul, answering a completely unrelated question, but what the fuck, I'm sure I'm already pissing people off, so I might as well take this one out of context. This one, on the other hand, doesn't need any help.

According to Steve, "the more attention a band gets, the more they're held up to the mainstream. When you're held up to the mainstream, you might stand out a bit more. When you're at punk shows and you look like us, it's nothing, but when you're playing clubs like [the Commodore], I don't know. Basically, if you see one guy that dresses a bit weird, you're like, 'Oh, that's a guy that dresses a bit weird.' But when you see four guys, you're like, 'What's their story?' You know, like, 'Who do they hang out with? What parties do they go to? What kind of drinks do they drink?' You get curious. At least I do..." Steve then proceeded to talk about guys in hockey gear, and I'm pretty sure he had lost us all by then. I think his point was rooted in team spirit, or in disputing the boy-band claim. Thank God Dustin was good enough to clarify the ramble with this piece of sarcastic simplicity: "Basically, we're just trying to get attention."

Right. So black clothes stay stinky, because otherwise they get faded; falling off of drum kits gets you "rips in the wrong places"; and all this could lead to mass confusion. How? Hot Hot Heat has been so hyped on its trend-setting style that the fans are bound to be disappointed by seeing the scruff-dumb that is their live show. Or

so the band fears. But who the hell cares? They do. If they didn't, they wouldn't dwell so damn long on a subject that they protest is way played-out.

Oh well. The band is probably out shopping right now, using its hard-earned break (five months of touring is no small feat) to start spending its sweet new major-label deal fortune. Those boys won't look scruffy for long! For those not in the know, Hot Hot Heat jacked out an EP on Sub Pop in the summer, and their current LP is on the very same. ("We asked them to ask us to send them [a demo]," is how Dante explains the birth of the SP connection.) The next album, however, will be on Warner. The band insists that there was no bidding war, and that it picked "the right team to be working with." No shit. Paul, Steve, Dustin and Dante are rumored to be millionaires. Maybe they'll get Jawbreaker'd and the indie kids will have a good laugh...

Apparently, though, the band wasn't laughing when I mentioned that a number of people don't like the Heat. It's quite bumming-out to have to learn that all those sceneresters you work so hard to impress don't really give a positive shit. Then again, people are wary of excessive fakery; trash-talking behind people's backs isn't cool (and neither is hearing about it second or third hand via the Telephone Game); and sweet-talking after the fact doesn't fix the trash-talking that went before it. Never mind that I'm talking trash myself—I'll willingly admit to hyper-hypocritical tendencies; that's just how I work. But let's not let that stand in the way of my rant. Oh, fuck it, I'm not really that upset any more. They're just boys with an agenda, why should I try to stand in their way?

In an aftermath email, Steve mentioned that Dustin "[is] always pretty indifferent when it comes to press (we can't change that) and usually does his own thing..." Maybe that's for the best. During the real live interview, Steve tried to describe the band's actions in the music business as "kind of a big experiment and a big game," and I have to wonder whether all four members are ready to play. "It all comes down to 'how hard do you want to work?' [and] 'how bad do you want it?'" according to Paul. Maybe that's true, but do the ends justify the means? And even if they do, does that mean you shouldn't be able to provide a straight answer to a couple of simple questions? Does it mean that being genuine is a permanently dated fashion statement in the industry?

Whatever. The record's still good. Rock is rock and if the personalities get in the way during schmoozing and media politicking then at least at the end of the day you can still go home, turn up the bass knob on your stereo, and forget all about it while the CD spins.

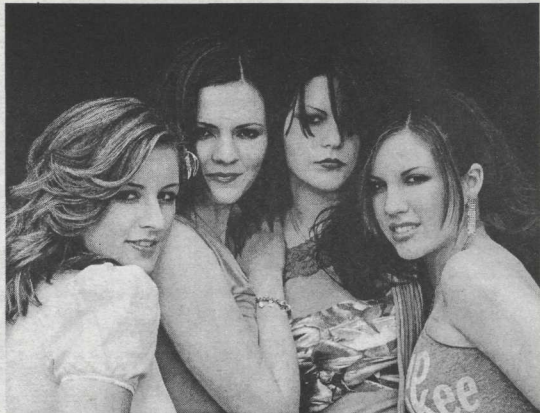
Will •

It's these kinds of hard-hitting questions that drive us here at DiSCORDER, and so we cornered Donna C. (Torry, drums) and Donna R. (Allison, guitar) to ask them the questions that you want answers to.

Allison: As a band I would say all of us are comfortable wearing jeans and sneakers most of the time. Or boots, if it's cold out. We like to look like girls, but at the same time we never want to look overdone, because that's kind of like what people expect of us. I think we're really uncomfortable when we do photo shoots.

BY CHRIS ENG

Allison: There are too many girl bands that can't play and it gives a bad message. I mean, I think it's better than no girl-bands, but



I wanted to do everything. I wanted to be an artist and I wanted to be a writer—I would have done anything as long as it was creative. I'd never be a scientist. Can you imagine? I can't imagine. •

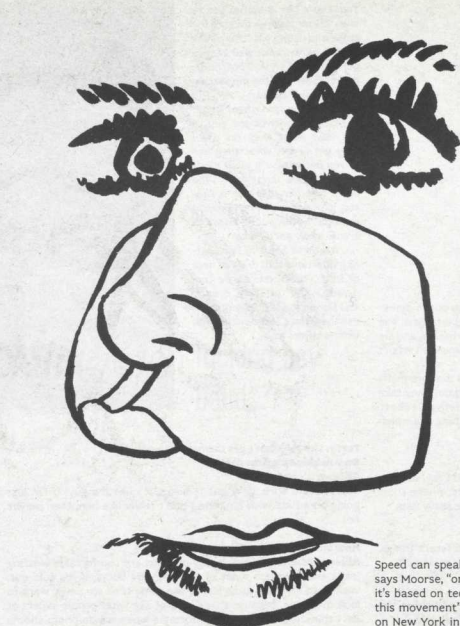
Allison: I think guys would probably like that.



Chicks On Speed are no flavour of the month. From their humble beginnings as art school dropouts in Munich, putting on performance art gigs in illegal clubs, the trio of Australian Alex Murray-Leslie, New Yorker Melissa Logan, and Munich native Kiki Moore has been defying paradigms. They blur the lines between the art world and the music underground, redefine the meaning of "performance," challenge the institutions of fashion and consumerism, and pull it all off while making bodies shake on the dance floors of clubs the world over.

Murray-Leslie and Logan met Moore in Munich in 1997, while working on an art school project: a roving club night that would fly under the radar of local restrictions. Moore describes it as "this illegal bar that was always in different locations, and we invited different people—like musicians, artists and musicians—to just do things, and it was all, like, a non-profit thing." Shortly thereafter, the three of them ended up working together at a techno club called Ultraschall where they got to know the DJs and the German electronic music scene. Disillusioned with art school, they wanted to do a project together—something different—so they put together an installation piece called "I Wanna Be A DJ, Baby" in which they took over a club, and the three of them stood behind DJ decks, but rather than spin records, they just smashed them repeatedly while a pre-recorded sound-collage tape played in the background. Still art students at heart, they conceived the idea of taking their concept to the next level and creating a whole fake band persona that they would try and market merchandise for. They put together the "box set"—a sort of collector's set that included a t-shirt, a paper record, a tape, and a fake interview—and put it up for sale in the hippest record store in Munich. Naturally, it didn't sell. Right around this time, however, they were approached by a friend—a sound engineer—who suggested they put together a track. Having previously settled for poking fun at the "band/DJ" concept as an art experiment, they had not yet considered the possibilities of actually making music, especially since none of them played any instruments. With the help of a producer, however, they suddenly realized the potential of musical output. In art school, they were pressed to develop a style, which really meant mimicking their professor's style—and after having done things the way they were told to do them, they would get an exhibition in a white box that would be attended by thirty people—in effect, a great deal of work for very little. "But," said Murray-Leslie, "if we do a 7", and we make 500 copies, it'll go all over the world and reach so many more people—it's less elite."

Thus, *Go! Records* was formed. *Chicks On Speed's* concept was to do ten 7"s, each one having a cover of a song they liked on the A side, and a remix by *Chicks On Speed* on the B side. Murray-Leslie explains that their reason for doing covers was "to understand music by imitating things we loved." These songs included the Delta 5's "Mind Your Own Business," the B-52's "Gimme Back My Man," and "Warm Leatherette" by The Normals, which became a smash club hit that sparked their rise to fame within the European electro scene. The songs they chose to cover also offer a revealing look at *Chicks On Speed's* influences. Murray-Leslie brings up the fact that, conceptually, she sees the band aligned with Debord and



FUCK DANCE, LET'S ART

Chicks On Speed Fight Fashion with Fashion

WORDS BY SAELAN : INTERVIEW BY DUNCAN MCHUGH

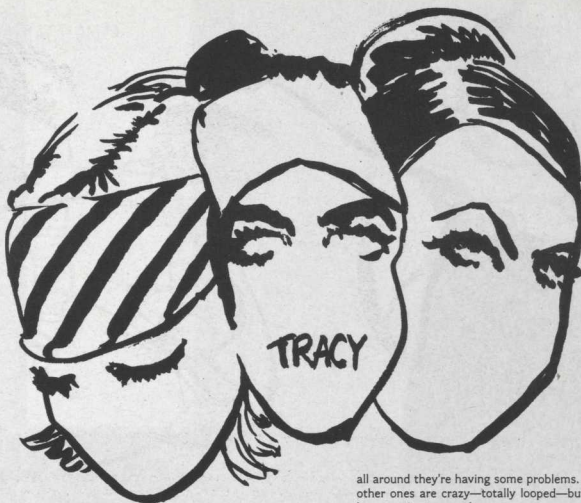
the Situationist movement, but agrees that in the musical sphere, *Chicks On Speed* belongs to the tradition of feminist post-punk exemplified by the Delta 5, Kleenex, The Slits, and The Raincoats (of whom she says, gleefully, "They are our mothers!"). The planned set of ten 7"s only got to number six before the girls got bored with doing covers, but the popularity they had won springboarded them to collaborations with DMX Krew, Patrick Pulsinger, and Gigolo Records' infamous DJ Hell. They released a series of EPs, culminating in the mid-2000 release of their full-length debut *Chicks On Speed Will Save Us All!* They followed it up quickly the same year with *Releases of the Unreleases and Monsters Rule This World*.

When they first started performing their songs live, the girls lip-synched to playback, but after just a few shows, they realized two things: one, lip-synching is boring, and two, they weren't very good at it. Characteristically, they didn't want to be restricted to already determined mediums, objects, and technology, and they began to develop the playful, confrontational live show that they're known for today. Continuing in the multimedia vein that they started in, *Chicks On Speed* have an army of props and accessories to bring on stage: knitting needles, blacklights, video projections, feather-dusters, strobes, and costumes they make themselves. Also, as they proudly announce in their live show staple "We Don't Play Guitars" (which is unreleased, due to a brief and messy brush with Virgin records, which currently owns the rights to it), they stick faithfully to a fully electronic creative process. *Chicks On Speed* is proud to show the world that you don't need to be a "guitar geek" to make music. As Moore relates, "We want to make things ourselves, or collaborate with others to make things. The guitar has so much history, it's so loaded with connotations that you almost can't pick one up without becoming involved in that history... we want to create things that don't have any connotations, then we can influence the instrument."

This ties in closely to *Chicks On Speed's* perspective on the so-called "Electroclash movement" that's currently sweeping the fashion and music press. Coming fresh off Larry Tee's *Electroclash 2002 Tour* with Peaches, WIT, and Tracy + the Plastics, *Chicks On*

Speed can speak with authority. "This whole Electroclash thing," says Moore, "one part of it is that it's really attractive for women, it's based on technology, it's much more accessible to be part of this movement." Murray-Leslie points out that, despite the focus on New York in discussions of *Electroclash*, it's not a movement based on one city—she presents Detroit and Berlin as examples—or even really on a single genre. Incorporating elements of punk, post-punk, and various styles of electronic music, she identifies *Electroclash* as something that moves between contexts, open to everything. Being more open to women, *Electroclash* also has the advantage of not being part of the history of rock, or partaking in its macho, hero-worshipping guitar-god hierarchies. Says Moore, with a satisfied smile, "We're building it, not men." This, of course, brings up the issue that the *Electroclash* tour featured all female performers but was put on—"hosted," if you will—by a man, Larry Tee. Moore admits that, "At first, we were really suspicious about this whole tour... we were pretty suspicious also about WIT, but now, after touring for two weeks, we feel that it just really works together and it's been really well received." Moore also concedes that, as a categorization, "Electroclash" is somewhat arbitrary. "There are worlds," she says, "in-between WIT and Peaches, and Tracy [+ the Plastics] is very different, too." All the same, however, *Chicks On Speed* doesn't mind being labeled as "Electroclash" right now. As Murray-Leslie says, "Right now we are *Electroclash*, but we were doing something different before, and next year, we're doing something completely different... so it's really a temporary thing." When pressed as to whether the term might have been created as more of a marketing ploy than as a way to characterize the substance of a movement, Moore is reticent. "In America," she says, "it just works that way—people have to have some kind of label. I mean, electro music's been around a long time, especially in Germany—at least since the '70s, since Kraftwerk."

While touring on the *Electroclash* bill this year, *Chicks On Speed* were pushing polemics along with the party: possibly the most memorable aspect of their video projections was a huge, scrolling culture jam on *The Face* magazine that took the format of the magazine's traditional cover with a picture of an upside-down American flag that read, rather than "The Face," "The Fake." The girls decried the woes of capitalism, consumerism, and in their new single "Fashion Rules," the fashion industry, calling for an end to "fashion victims" and exhorting their fans to "break the rules." Social commentary is nothing new in the *Chicks* music: their early hits "Eurotrash Girl" and "Glamour Girl" were ironic, pseudo-house anti-anthems that poked tongue-in-cheek fun at the vacuousness of the European club scene by drawing attention to the surface of the music to expose the emptiness underneath. The group has drawn criticism, however, for designing and selling expensive clothing and merchandise while at the same time, purporting to wage an assault on capitalism and the exploitative world of fashion. *Chicks On Speed*, however, does not see the diversity of their projects as a contradiction. Moore feels it's an im-



portant point that they only started selling clothes because people were always asking to buy their stage costumes, and Murray-Leslie mentions that even as artists they have to live from their work, and while criticizing mass consumerism they want to create competition with big business and encourage people to make things for themselves. Chicks On Speed see their merchandise as a "small business" endeavour, and the band is all for eliminating the characterless invasion of big-box retailers and ubiquitous global corporations in favour of a return to the "corner-shop" model of small business. Discussing the growing, alarming power of corporations like Nike, Microsoft, and Starbucks, Murray-Leslie says, "We can do it our way, and we can do it better." As with all their projects, Chicks On Speed like to work independently or to collaborate with friends and like-minded individuals, and they say that the prices of their merchandise just reflect their commitment to making sure that everyone who works with them and for them is paid a real wage, not just an artist's pittance.

As to their stance on fashion, Chicks On Speed's main focus is to encourage a DIY ethic and aesthetic, and all their own creations are meant as a rebellion against the exploitative nature of big fashion houses like Prada and Versace that enslave the creativity of individual designers to the will of the label boss, who gets all the credit. In light of that, it may seem a little strange that Chanel's Karl Lagerfeld (who also appears in the picture) took the cover photo for their new single, "Fashion Rules." Chicks On Speed explain that this came about while they were on set for a V magazine photo shoot featuring a number of electro musicians. Karl Lagerfeld happened to be present and, on the spur of the moment, they asked him to do a photo for their album cover. He not only agreed, but let Chicks keep the photos free of charge. Moose says of him, "Even though he works hand-in-hand with the fashion industry, he really helps a lot for artists and young designers—there's like these two sides of him.... I think we used him for our purposes, you know, and he doesn't mind; he laughs about it. He's a really cool guy, actually."

Now that "Fashion Rules" is on the shelves and the Electro-clash tour is over, Chicks On Speed have no plans to rest on their laurels. Their new full-length, 99 Cents, is due out next spring and they're already planning a European tour. They're also planning on doing more art shows next year: an installation at the Jeffrey Deitch Gallery in New York and an exhibition at the unbelievably prestigious fashion museum at the Louvre, in Paris. Currently, Chicks On Speed are occupied with preparations for showing and merchandising their new "Chikel" laptop bag—an exact copy of a laptop bag currently sold by Chanel, which is linked with the Karl Lagerfeld photo shoot and the promotion for "Fashion Rules." They're even planning ahead for a new musical direction following the release of 99 Cents: a collaboration with esteemed U.K. experimental techno producer Cristian Vogel on what Alex Murray-Leslie calls "a folk album." I guess we'll just have to wait and see....

"LESBO-FOR-DISCO AND VHS-READY" Deconstructing Tracy and the Plastics

BY SAEAN : ART BY AARON ROLICK

Tracy + the Plastics is a low-fi techno-punk band from Olympia, Washington (via Brooklyn) following in the footsteps of Le Tigre and The Need. It's also a fractured multimedia video art experiment in the politics of identity and sexuality. The bandmembers—Tracy, Nikki, and Cola—are all the brainchildren and alter-egos of lesbian feminist provocateur Wynne Greenwood. When they perform live, Wynne is Tracy—singing and beat-slinging with her Boss DR-5 drum machine, Akai 612 disc sampler, and whatever bargain-basement keyboards she can get her hands on. Nikki and Cola back her up, but they're only on stage in two dimensions—as pre-recorded video projections. Rising from the chill mists of the Pacific Northwest like a slap in the face to get your ass shaking, Tracy's art-punk manifesto is something refreshingly different from today's suddenly ubiquitous purveyors of apolitical electro. Take notice.

DISORDER: To start off, how long have you been performing as Tracy + the Plastics? How and why did you get started?

Wynne: I've been performing as this band for almost three years now. It started as The Tooth and then became The OK Miss Suit and then Tracy + the Plastics. Nikki just wrote all these songs and then asked me to sing them for her because she has a really awful singing voice—talking voice, too, actually. We just got really stoned one night and ended up making all these 4-track recordings and the first Tracy tape came out.

What were you involved in before this project?

My band with Sally Scardino called Meme America, where we played live soundtracks to silent movies I made. The soundtrack to *Meme America: Part 2* is available on Toyo Records. I used to run this movie house called the Murda where we showed independent videos/films by women.

Could you maybe introduce "Tracy" and her bandmates and explain a little who and what they are?

Well, right now Tracy is in a big argument with Nikki and Cola and incidentally Nikki is in a big fight with Tracy and Cola and

all around they're having some problems. Like, they all think the other ones are crazy—totally looped—but really they've just all been touring too much....

Nikki won't stop painting—she paints anything, like a walking zombie with a paintbrush in each outstretched hand. Whatever gets in her way becomes her weird art. Cola yells too much—her mouth is open and she never brushes her teeth and she talks too much about smoking weed, which she quit doing, but she really is the genius. Tracy is the believer and the feeler.

Do you find it limiting or restrictive at all to be performing with pre-recorded video projections?

Yes! I'm trying to figure out ways right now to make the videos more live and spontaneous. Maybe do some live editing?

Your press release says "a Tracy + the Plastics performance attempts to destroy the inherent hierarchical dynamic of mass video's say/see spaces by placing as much importance on the video images as the live performer." Could you elaborate on that a little?

Here I'm talking about the actual form of video as an artistic and informative medium, as well as the culture that's historically claimed it as their platform (the money that buys the ads and the money that sees the ads and buys the product) etc., etc. Lots of people talk back to their TVs. Lots of people yell, even scream at their TVs. But whose TV in turn responds to them? I'm creating a dialogue with the medium of video, a medium that is used mostly as a tool of mass media that we're supposed to just watch and believe and never talk to or create.

Do Tracy + the Plastics have an agenda?

I used to have all these mottos, let me see if I can think of them.

"Kick 'em in the teeth"—I think that was one.

"All the modernists, drop a beat..."

"Lesbo-for-disco and VHS-ready!"

Was I on drugs? But really, our agenda is simple: to destroy the systems of domination and discrimination present in American culture. We started where we were: suburban America in front of a TV, pissing our pants when we heard Black Sabbath on the radio of the car that just drove by.

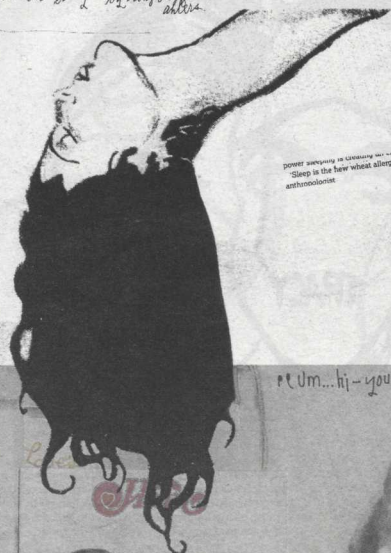
You've featured a number of Olympia musicians on your albums (i.e., Carrie Brownstein from Sleater-Kinney, Sarah Utter of Bangs). I guess it's safe to assume you've got strong ties to the Olympia scene. Any hometown bands you'd like to give a shout-out to?

Beth Ditto and The Gossip! Jeri Beard and 1774! The King Cobra! Thronex! Thronex! Growing! Anna O! Donna Dresch! Panama!

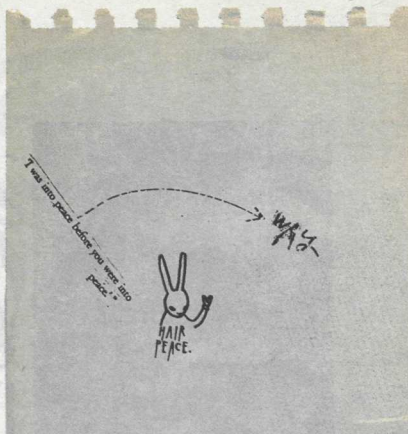
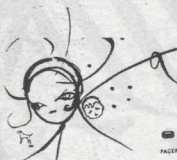
What's in your CD player right now?

Missy Elliot, *Under Construction*. It's my roommate's. *

"She's the Boss"
 "She's the Boss" by Sonja Ahlers



POWER SLEEPING IN DREAMING
 "Sleep is the hair wheat sleep" says
 anthropologist



"Um...hi-you're A BAD BOY4 BREAKING HER HEART."



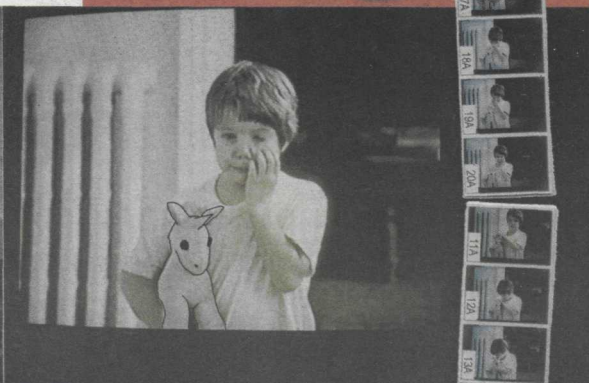
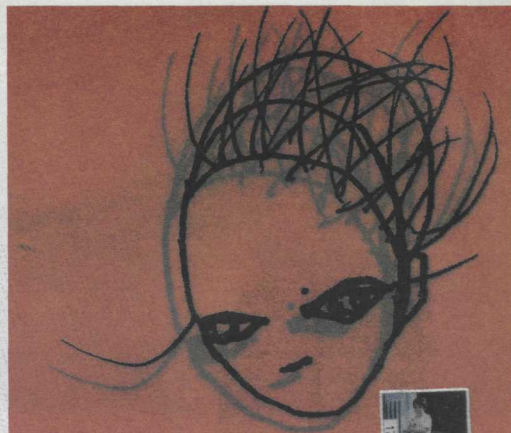
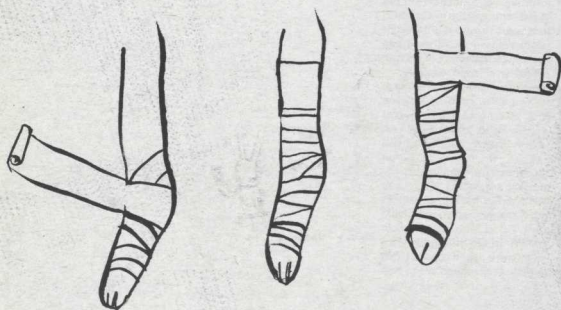
30 ALLIN



IT'S GOOD 2 SAY NO WITH a really big smile on your face.
 OK-NO WAIT- IT'S REALLY GOOD TO SAY 'NO' WITH A SHIT-EATING GRIN.



"FATAL DISTRACTION"



"HUSH, HUSH keep it down
VOICES CARRY"

Well, as though who is experienced in matters of disturbing. "I really like the film
because they play them" "Oh... yes" "I like photography as that you can see them if
you're not out for yourself!"

stupid haha

BITCH
GIRL

BLOODY MARY
2 eggs, tomato juice
10 sugar from lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 sugar (1/4 tsp.) onion
Salt and pepper to taste
Shake well, crushed ice
and serve into 6-oz glass.



CELERY STICKS



CREEPY CARRIE
CREEPY CARRIE
'HI, MY NAME IS
SISST SPACE CHICK'



There was that THING - the girls in the bathroom would do
RECESS (15 minutes) 5 GINS nings COAGULATE @ the TINY bathroom
in one toilet & a door that locked. IF you went in there
LIGHTS OFF/BLACK BLACK, closed eyes & changed BLOODY
MARY BLOODY BLOODY MARY a buncha times SHE was
supposed to appear in the mirror.

Hero

Greatest American Zero
believe it or not I'm FLYING ON AIR...
I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD
FEELS FREE.

R. WILSON KATE

ex-ex boyfriends.



Copyright © 1994
Published by Entertainment Weekly
All rights reserved. L.A. 94073
Large Photo



This art is suitable for framing or taping to your fridge.

Think back to 1991. It was on the 13th of February that Los Angeles police officers severely beat Rodney King. The Gulf War wound to a close, and sanctions were set up against Iraq. Jeffrey Dahmer confessed to the gruesome murders of 17 men. Personally, I struggled through sixth grade in a body that was definitely changing for the worse, drowning in a sea of hormones and inappropriate thoughts. However, it wasn't all bad: unbeknownst to me, 1991 was also the heyday of grunge. The unprecedented hybrid of punk and metal, infused with grit, anger and lots of distortion was flourishing, as yet uncorrupted by corporate interests and the mainstream media. It was in this year that legendary grunge-rockers L7 founded Rock for Choice. Amongst a spate of clinic bombings and a rising tide of anti-choice activism, the first show was organized to raise money for the Feminist Majority Foundation, a funding body linked to Ms. Magazine. That historic first show, held at the Palace in LA on October 21, 1991, featured the unbeatable line-up of Nirvana, Hole and Sister Double Happiness.

The event represented a perfect partnership of art and activism. The power of good music to enlighten and motivate the public has always been at the heart of Rock for Choice. As Donita Sparks told the Rolling Stone in 1994, "It used to bum me out as a kid when I would go to peace or ERA rallies with my mother, and there would be people singing 'Kum Bah Yah, my sister, Kum Bah Yah,' it was just so unimpressive. So we decided that we just had to rock the house. That was a good way to get more people involved, and if they didn't want to get involved, at least we had their money."

The event took off in the United States, garnering widespread media attention, and featuring such guests over the years as Pearl Jam, Iggy Pop, Joan Jett, Bikini Kill, Fugazi, Liz Phair and Rage Against the Machine, among others.

Vancouver's first homegrown Rock for Choice took place in 1995. I sat down long-time event organizer Meegan Maultsald of Che-Chapter 127 to talk about how the benefit has changed over the years.



DISORDER: How and when did you become involved with Rock for Choice?

MEEGAN: I started the Vancouver chapter in '95. Basically I just saw something in a magazine. I think it was Spin, and there was a full page ad explaining what Rock for Choice was about, that it had been going on for four or five years in the States, and different cities have different shows. I just thought it was an interesting political thing that hadn't happened in Vancouver, so I basically just founded the chapter. The first year was pretty small, a show at Hastings Community Centre with Sparkmarker, with 200 people or something like that. The following year I approached a friend of mine, Denise Shepard, who's a writer. She has a lot of access to bands, and I wanted to tap into some larger bands, which we did. We got Bif Naked and 54-40. Essentially from there it's just grown and branched out. Two years ago was the first year we diversified, and had a four or five event show under the umbrella of Rock for Choice. We try to bring in other communities of people. And this year, again, it's going to be eight different things, some of them collectively organized and some of them farmed out to different people. So yeah, the vision of it has grown beyond the idea of there being one show reflecting the ideas of one community.

FREEDOM TO ROCK, FREEDOM TO CHOOSE

Meegan Maultsald And Seven Years of Rocking for Choice

BY SUSY WEBB

Where exactly is the money going?

The money gets split three ways. It's divided between the Everywoman's Health Centre, Elizabeth Bagshaw Clinic, and the Pro-Choice Action Network. They basically decide what they want to use it for.

What I know about your band, Che-Chapter 127, suggests that you see very little separation between art and activism. Tell me about this.

You know, for myself, I would say that I see no separation. The band started as a vehicle for radical political ideas. I wouldn't be doing music if it didn't have a political basis. I'd say we're a community project, that's how I look at my band. We're signed to G7 Welcoming Committee, which is the label run by Propaganda, and we have access to a lot of different networking and links. When we tour, we try to not play rock shows. We play benefits, and we travel with tons of literature from AK press about all kinds of diverse movements. That stuff is really important to me. The bands that I love and admire, they're not necessarily overt in their political content.

Who are they, for example?

The bands that I love? Well, Rage Against the Machine was a big influence on me. Every time I do an interview now and I say that people always shake their heads as if it's not okay for me to like them since they're signed to a major label, and blah blah blah. But so what? They've sold ten million records! Think of all those kids who live in rural communities, who have no access to political information, although it's easier now because of the Internet. But when Rage started, they would tour with tables and literature, and even the websites they've listed inside their CDs have a lot of

influence. I think people underestimate the power of that, of young people having access to information.

There's a connection between that and Rock for Choice as a political movement. People go, "Why do you need to keep doing it? Abortion is legal." But it's always under threat. First of all, any left-wing movement is constantly under threat, and second of all, for myself, Rock for Choice isn't just about all of us who are white, middle-class women who live in the city, and have access to safe, legal abortion. What about the women in Afghanistan, or in Chiapas? To me, it's a broader thing. Yes, it's about reproductive freedoms, but it's also about women's rights over their bodies and their minds. For me, that's why I keep doing it, why I'm driven by it, why I want to keep rocking it. It's not like: This is Rock for Choice, it's about abortion or not abortion. Not! It's a metaphor for talking about the women's movement, and essentially a humanistic movement, people's freedoms.

There's been some really weird stuff going on lately in Canada, namely anti-choice activists challenging the status of abortion under the Canada Health Act, in New Brunswick, writing to legislators and saying that abortion shouldn't be funded because it's not "medically necessary." What do you see as happening with that?

That's ridiculous! You wonder what they mean by "not medically necessary." Although you can juxtapose that to work in favour of the pro-choice movement, saying that religious people get involved and feel that they have some definitive statement to make about it, when really it's a medical procedure. What the fuck does it have to do with religion? What they're saying, it sounds like having your wisdom teeth pulled shouldn't be covered! Abortion is a very common thing. It's not like one out of ten million people gets pregnant.

The right to have a baby is just as important as the right to be able to abort it, if need be.

That's why it's called choice. It should be up to the individual.

It's an interesting thing, because in the last few years I've gotten feedback from people who are asking why we keep doing it; it just doesn't seem as important anymore. I kind of have a dichotomous viewpoint. On the one hand, I feel like the state of the world, post 9-11, there are other things that I as an activist do feel are more pertinent. But if you look at it as talking about women's rights, thinking globally and acting locally, having analysis of it being about broader things, then I think it's more relevant.

Looking at our organizers, we're all white, middle-class, mostly women, including one transwoman, and it could be easy for us to talk about it without having a deeper analysis. We're making the program bigger; I don't want it to be just about the bands, and pictures of bands, and a rock event, but more of a radical event. So we're having workshops on Saturday, some about the pro-choice movement, and others which are totally diverse, and on the Sunday

after what the pro-life movement does, the Chain of Life. Hopefully if we mobilize enough people from all of the nights we'll be able to get a good turnout to line the streets. We'll be doing that in solidarity with the UBC Students for Choice. We'll collaborate and do that together. It isn't just about people saying, well, I'm giving my ten bucks, I'm going to the rock show and supporting it. No, there's more than that. We're activists and educators, which is what Rock for Choice essentially is. We're going to print thousands of leaflets and put them in high schools, and there will be an article from Joyce Arthur from the Pro-Choice Action Network. She's very driven and incredibly smart.

So for me, being the person who's started Rock for Choice and seen it evolve, with more shows and more bands, I want to see it keep changing. It's got to move somewhere else, it has to radicalize. And that's a curve that has gone with my own political awareness. I've become more radical over the years, and as the organizer I want Rock for Choice to reflect that.

Regrettably, in 2002 Rock for Choice may be more relevant than ever. George W. Bush's second year in office has seen 10 new members elected to the Senate, 8 of which are anti-choice. In Vancouver, a multi-million dollar contract to clean the BC Women's Hospital (one of the province's largest abortion providers) went to a company owned by Cissy Von Dehn, a virulent anti-choice activist. What exactly these developments will mean for Canadian women is yet to be seen. In any case, our sorely won freedoms are tenuous at best. But however romantic it may feel, despair is a useless emotion. Back in 1991, lesbians and gays joined their fellow countrywomen and men in Dublin's St. Patrick's Day parade for the first time. Short months later, President Bush was hospitalized for an erratic heart-beat. There is hope!

(Rock For Choice rocks from Wednesday, January 8th to Sunday, January 12th. Check the details in the Databook at the back of the magazine and go support a good cause, already.)

Among the smokestacks, dirt, homeless people, cigarette butts, and the Smoky Donut, sits a building in downtown Hamilton, Ontario. Inside one of its rooms lies the heart of the Warsaw Pack. '89 may have been the end of the Cold War, but the resistance to capitalism continues in many forms. One of those is the culture of music that has been many people's introduction to important issues.

Warsaw Pack is a seven-member band that combines political rhyming with rhythm lead locked into grooves that are equal parts beat culture, jazz-funk, and reggae revolution.

This summer they came out to play the Under the Volcano Festival and liked out west so much they came back just a few months later. Just before their early-November gig at The Pic Pub, I sat down with a few members of the band and shot a few questions at them.



Lee Raback: vocalist
Simon Oczkowski: tenor sax / percussion
Jari Wassman: bass

With a name like Warsaw Pack and all the use of graphics from the old communist propaganda, is there any connection to communism beyond a stylistic nostalgia?

Jari: When we started the band, we were without a lead person for a long time, and when Lee came to the act it was really empowering. We were really happy to accept him as a front man, because a lot of his lyrics are reality-based as opposed to metaphorical. I'm the one who does most of the visuals for the band, and I try to relate them to the content of the band, and it just doesn't make sense to have a babe in bikini and a hot car on the poster to promote the band.

Lee: Well, it was hard for us coming up with a name, and we wanted a name that said something in and of itself. It was just cheeky, really, but trying to say something at the same time. There is definitely an amount of socialism in the lyrics and the way we operate. Mostly we latched onto it [because] it stood in opposition to all that there is now—not that we want to embody that old world, Eastern European communism. It stood in opposition to capitalism and you can use a lot of that imagery and it drags up the right feeling in people.

Simon: Although we don't want any connection to Stalin, as I'm sure many people in Poland are glad the communists are gone.

Lee: Which I guess would mean that our poster campaign wouldn't go over so well in Eastern Europe.

The news of late has seen a lot more of the anti-war movement and squatting actions for housing in Canada. The 'anti-globalization' movement, post 9-11, seems to be in the backseat. How do you all see resistance changing?

Lee: Well, I think people are connecting the dots better. I think it's all one and the same. To fight poverty locally is really the same as fighting poverty worldwide, in that if there are some internal changes here, then that could spread and filter down internationally. Really, though—the name may have changed, but it's the same people who support and work with OCAP, for example, that turn out for anti-war rallies, car-free days, and read the same literature. Organizationally there might be different people out front, but the network is one and the same.

As for the anti-globalization movement, the face of it is changing, but I think the numbers are still there. We were watching the news the other day, and in typical headline news-fashion, they focused on Winona Ryder's shoplifting and then quickly blurt "and 100,000 people protested today for..." and show a two second clip. They keep referencing Seattle, Quebec, and Genoa like it's in the past, but that reactionary force is still intact; it just hasn't surfaced in the same way. When it comes down to it, even if the focus shifts from the local, international, federal—working on any level is helping on every level.

Simon: People working towards improvements in human rights or housing or anti-war or better health care are all pushing in the same direction, building a better future.

Art and politics are a double whammy. It's difficult to make a living at either one, but making political music is even harder, especially with so many people in the band. So how are you all finding things working out?

Warsaw Pack: [Much laughter]

Simon: It's not!

Jari: There is a lot of personal sacrifice on people, time, and the financial end, but right now we are with a label [G7] whose business structure we would like to copy.

Simon: Participatory Economics.

Lee: ParaCon! If you want to make it sound cool.

Simon: Seven people in the band is hard to deal with—that's seven different schedules—but on the other hand, that's seven sets of different resources we can draw upon. We run things in a microcosm of the way we would like things to be—a shared cooperative where everyone gets a say. We try to be a true democracy, in a sense.

Lee: To speak in practical terms, we are treading water right now. Nobody is losing money, but nobody is getting ahead. It is a balancing act of paperwork at the end of the day. We came out west and nobody has anything to show for it, but we aren't putting anything in the pawnshop.

So Lee, you use Biblical references in the lyrics on Gross Domestic Product and it has a 'doomsday' feel. Prophecies or just a good rhyme?

Lee: I'm not religious. I just use Biblical references like I would pop culture. We all know what I mean when I say "Cain makes Abel run" and it's a little more weighty than "dude is gonna shoot ya" and it has a malicious "brother against brother" tone, if there was a way to say that by referring to a movie I may have done that, but I try to steer away from cheesy pop culture like in a lot of hip hop, and I try not to use name brands unless it's in a "critical capacity." The album does speak a bit about "end times" [but] that is because the music was mostly written about three years ago on that album—around the end of 1999 and beginning of 2000. You hear it a bit like in "Diabolic": "I wish Y2K had come and fucked everything up, so we could drive around in cars and look for gasoline," and if we just got together now I probably wouldn't have written that, so it's a little dated in that sense. "Doomsday Device" was written in reference to the first Gulf War and all the talk of "end times"

around '98, '99. Then it seemed you couldn't go anywhere without seeing, like, *Time* with Nostradamus on the cover with a nuclear explosion behind him.

So I guess that just sunk into my thoughts.

On your web site, your links page has about a dozen or so links, most of which would be expected—G7 Records, Sonic Unyon, Exclaim!, other bands, etc.—but I'm curious why you choose to list Médécins Sans Frontières (MSF)?

Jari: I always try to filter out the "bad" media and get as much "good" media as possible. Like on CBC there is a show called *Ideas*, which I find very informative. It was on that show that I heard one of the founders of [MSF] talking about his work, and I was really moved by what he had to say. I was crying at the end of it; it was so horrible—the tales of prolonged suffering.

Simon: On a personal level, depending on the way the band goes, I might actually join MSF. I have been thinking of going into medicine. It would be great if I could keep making music

forever but... so it was a weird coincidence that Jari put that on the site.

So you listen to the CBC and want to be doctors.

Lee: We got some smart kids in the band.

Okay, okay. I guess I asked you enough political questions. You are a band after all. So where do you practice and what do you see from there?

Lee: We are in the Sonic Unyon building, right in downtown Hamilton and we share the space with other musicians. It's a warehouse—a dusty old thing—but it's a great place to connect with other musicians, and it's a friendly scene. What do we see? Smokestacks, dirt, homeless people, cigarette butts, and the Smoky Donut, where you can get a coffee for \$1 or a beer for \$3!

Simon: Don't forget the falafel and video strip poker!

So what is next for the band?

Simon: We basically have our next album done. Our set now is all new except for maybe three songs, and we also got a new guitarist about three months ago—Geet—who is an awesome guitarist, and he also plays keyboards which is adding a new sound to the band. We have a two-album contract with G7 so they put out *Gross Domestic Product* and then this new one, and we are planning a video also.

Lee: G7 has been great. Personally and in business it's great; there have been no bad vibes at all. So many times in the music biz you have to question people [to see] if they are going to rip you off, but not with them. We always leave with our bellies full and a pat on the head; they're awesome.

Simon: They helped us manifest our musical careers; they make it all possible, and they push us politically.

Jari: They slapped us on the wrist and pointed out that our tour shirts had been made in sweatshops. I was in a hurry and didn't read the tag.



If you spent any time in the smoke pit of your high school, close to any of the potential stars of *FUBAR 2*, then you know whom I'm talking about. Whether they're the most famous (or infamous) group in the genre of latex-wearing punk rock-heavy metal fusion is debatable. What everyone agrees on is that they have the most, uh, "unique" stage show on the planet. What other band has the disclaimer: "The venue accepts no responsibility for damage or staining to clothing or body," printed on every poster and ticket? What other band needs it? Yes, unique is definitely the right word to describe an evening of entertainment at the hands of GWAR.

I was lucky enough to have my car die in several memorable and inexplicable ways, stranding me in Calgary in time for their latest tour. Being the dedicated owner of all their albums and videos, yet virginal in regards to the live experience, I absolutely had to go. In point of fact, I would have dragged myself there on bloody stumps to finally see them.

The show took place in the U of C campus auditorium, with the walls, ceiling and floor stripped of the usual camouflage of sophistication, i.e., chairs. In place of ornate wallpaper was a hundred feet of thick painters plastic—you know, the kind that doesn't allow any fluid to spill through and stain whatever's underneath; the kind that foreshadowed the experience to come.

As the crowd milled around waiting to donate their lives to the World-Maggot, a prototypical rebel yell rang forth from the stage as Iron Maiden hit the stage. Hang on... that's not Bruce Dickinson! 3 Inches of Blood ran onto the stage with an energetic set of new (yet strangely familiar) tunes that pulled us back to metal's glory days of Maiden and Priest with songs like "Balls of Ice" and "Kill the Orcs". The sound was crisp, the band tight, and the music joined the crowd up for the real deal, GWAR.

GWAR has made a living for over 12 years on their novel approach to a stage show. From a drum kit that pulses blood like a severed artery, to random slaves having their limbs severed, there was always a cause for sticky, viscous fluid to be sprayed all over the crowd. Every inch of the painters' plastic was used, as was every inch of clothing. A word of advice: If you just had your beautiful coif bleached a Californian yellow, DO NOT stand in the front row! That is, unless you want to be called "Pinky" for the next few weeks.

One of the show's principal highlights was Slymenstra Hyman's glorious return to the band's lineup and the GWAR stage. For the last few years she has been touring with her "Girly Freak Show," which features Jim Rose-style circus sideshow antics, and even includes The Torture King as self-proclaimed girly-man. She brought a number of elements from her show to the GWAR forum, including an expanded fire-breathing/dancing segment. Dancing with torches, swinging balls of flame at the end of chains and breathing 15-foot flames... as far as being a human flamethrower is concerned, she put Gene Simmons to shame. Her abilities, however, don't stop at sideshow routines. She single-handedly took out three of GWAR's enemies, including Gor-Gor (the giant-lizard bastard son of Slymenstra that was raised on crack) with the old "sword-through-the-chin-and-into-the-brain-routine." Nothing

like the classics!

After the show, I was sitting at the exit gate feeling spent and exhausted, yet strangely fulfilled at the same time. The feeling throughout the crowd was that we could all die happy now. I was more than a little miffed, however, since my scheduled interview with GWAR had been overlooked. I had spoken to the show's organizer earlier and he had promised me a spot and then neglected to pencil it in. So I was sitting there feeling simultaneous sorrow and joy when a guy walked up to me.

"Geoff? Is that you?"

"Uh, yeah? (Where do I know this guy from? He looks so familiar...) "Cam? Didn't we play football together, like ten years ago?"

GWAR'S FREAKY FREAK SHOW

Slymenstra Warns on the Dangers of Electricity

BY GEOFF SCHMIDT

"Yeah," he said. "What did you think of the show?"

"Holy shit! You're the singer for 3 Inches of Blood!"

He blinked a couple times. "I thought you knew that."

"Uh, I just didn't put two and two together. Wow, great show man. You guys've got a great sound." A thought suddenly occurred to me: "Do you want to do an interview?"

"Actually, I've gotta run, but here's a roadie pass. Go to the gate and ask for Geoff Trawick. They're sticking around for a while and would love to talk to you."

Short story long, I ended up backstage about ten minutes later, sipping an ice tea and chatting with Geoff and Rich Trawick, drummer and guitarist, respectively, of 3108.

All of a sudden, the door was flung open and a woman came running into the dressing room. Yes, ladies and gents, it was none other than Danielle Stampe, a.k.a. Slymenstra Hyman, sans make-up and carrying a metal lunchbox.

Danielle: Aw fuck. Do you guys mind if I hang out in here for a few minutes?

Geoff: Uh, sure.

DISORDER: What's in the lunchbox?

Danielle: I was just selling stickers and spreading the word about "Girly Freak Show." Do you guys want one?

Sure!

Rich: Those are loonies. They're worth a buck.

Geoff: Yeah, about ten cents American.

Danielle: And I guess these things are "wonies?"

Uh, yeah. Is it true GFS is coming to Canada?

Danielle: Yes! The tour's coming here this coming March. If you liked the stuff I did on stage tonight, you'll go ape-shit for our

show. For instance, I only did a little flame breathing tonight. In the Freak show I do a very cool trick called Dragon's Breath.

That was a "little" fire breathing? What's Dragon's Breath?

Danielle: It's where I inhale and exhale at the same time, so you get this circular airflow. It lets me shoot flame for longer than I would otherwise. Basically, I shoot flame, stop and breathe again, stop and breathe again. The first stream lights the second stream lights the third stream, and you get this three-layered stream of fire going almost 20 feet up in the air, it's fucking cool. I was going to do it tonight, but I couldn't get my breathing right.

Geoff: Are you okay? It looked like you were limping when you came in.

Danielle: I screwed up my leg last night. I pulled my quad or something.

So you were doing all that dancing and fighting on stage with a screwed up leg?

Danielle: Yeah, but you do what you gotta do. Hell, I've finished shows after being clinically dead!

Say what?!

Danielle: Well, I work with this company called kVA that makes giant Tesla coils for theatrical lighting generation. In other words, we make machines that shoot bolts of electricity sixty feet long through the air. I do all kinds of stunts for them, including wearing electrical underwear that lets me channel huge amounts of electricity through my body that would be otherwise fatal. I also do this trick where I shoot bolts of lightning from my fingertips.

Rich: Like the Emperor in *Return of the Jedi*?

Danielle: Exactly. It sometimes happens that I take a little too much voltage and my heart just kind of stops. Getting a defibrillator was the best thing I ever did.

Geoff: How many times have you died?

Danielle: Six times now.

Sounds dangerous.

Danielle: But it's what I love doing. I even made it into the *Guinness Book of World Records*. Twice! I found out that if you beat your own record, they pay you \$20,000, but they only pay \$10,000 for the first time. So I beat the old record for channeling electricity using a small voltage that I would do at any little show and then did it again six months later using a really good voltage. [I'm sure she said two million volts, but I must have been hearing things.] [No, in fact you weren't. By all accounts it was actually three million volts. Ed.] Anyway, I went to school for performing arts and it's what I'm into.

Rich: Hey, isn't it true that all the members of GWAR are lawyers and stuff?

Danielle: Actually, I'm the only one who actually went to Harvard, if you've heard that rumor, where I got a degree in fine arts. All the others are a mix of self-taught and a little bit of post-secondary education.

As far as I'm concerned, you're all geniuses. It was a great show tonight, by the way.

Danielle: Thanks. I just wish more of the mainstream would feel the same way. I'd really like to see GWAR get picked up and get some serious attention. We've been working on this for a dozen years, and I want to take it as far as it will go. Like, I'd like to make a real movie, with professional actors and a director and A BUDGET! Not just a few bucks we've scraped together. It's a labour of love for us, but it would be nice to make some money y'know?

Geoff: Thanks a lot for coming back, eh?

Danielle: Yeah, "the bitch is back!" Hahaha. Make sure you come out to GFS when we come back, okay.

We'll be with bells on. •

(3 Inches of Blood live in Vancouver and will play here again soon. Support your local metal! The Girly Freak Show should be wandering through Canada early in 2003. Watch your local listings.)

24 Hours of Radio Art
 Listen January 17th, ~~2003~~
 MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT
 CHALLENGING RADIO FOR CHALLENGING
 TIMES

CITR 101.9 FM



Check out these new titles from Sonic Unyon Records

OUT EARLY 2003



Simply Saucer
Cyborgs Revisted

The new digitally remastered reissue of these classic 70's psyche / punk recordings includes nine previously unavailable bonus tracks.



Tangiers
 TBA

The debut release by this new Toronto rock quartet. Rock'n Roll with Punk Rock Soul wrapped in expensive shit...



Toshack Highway Vs. Sianspheric
Magnetic Morning . Aspirin Age

New split album with five songs each from Swervedriver's Adam Franklin and Canadian space / drone rockers Sianspheric.



SONIC UNYON

www.sonicunyon.com

PO BOX 57147 JACKSON STATION HAMILTON ON CANADA L8P 4K2 PH 905 777 1225 FAX 905 777 1161 EMAIL JERKS@SONICUNYON.COM



WARSAWPACK-GROSS DOMESTIC PRODUCT
 politically charged hip-hop-jazz-funk, dropping verbal bombs on society from Hamilton Ontario. Unbelievably powerful and insightful lyrics that'll make ya think twice. All set to catchy beats and unique sounds.



**NEW 2002 CATALOGUE!!
 BUY OUR SHIT!!**



Greg MacPherson-Good Times Coming Back Again
 Straight ahead rock, with a bit of folk tossed in. This is an album of lyrical storytelling that is reminiscent of Springsteen and Neil Young. Nominated for 2 Prairie Music Awards.



Hiresukan-Invasive/Exotic
 Hiresukan's debut album has combined excruciating vocals over melodic emotional political hardcore with non-stop aggression and passionate lyrics.



The Chapter 127-Profit Prophet
 The Chapter's brand of unique rhythmic hardcore is as extreme and revolutionary as their lyrics. This is the sound of modern activism.



Randy-Cheater
 This is the catchiest album of the year, hands down. Randy pump out the rock and roll from beginning to end. The most energetic anarchy pop punk band to ever come outta Sweden.

g7 welcoming committee records - www.g7welcomingcommittee.com

SCRATCH + CHRISTMAS = A TASTY DATE!

'tis the season for our giant

BOXING WEEK SALE

DECEMBER 26th to
DECEMBER 31st

EVERYTHING

will be
20 to 50% off!

other items further discounted well below cost



2002, you've been a sweet lady!

STOCKING STUFFER CORNER!

We've got something for everyone. These sure bets for you and your loved ones!

ALUNARED - SLMZ! CD/LP+CD
AMALGAMATED SONS OF REST - s/t 12"/CDEP
ANDREW WK - I Get Wet LP/CD
ATMOSPHERE - God Loves Ugly 3LP
BLACK DICE - Beaches & Canyons 2LP/CD
BRIGHT EYES - Lifted or The Story is in the Soil 2LP/CD
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE
- You Can Play These Songs With Chords CD
DEATH FROM ABOVE - Heads Up LP/CD
DESTRUCTOR - This Night 2LP/CD
DIRTBOMBS - Ultraglide In Black LP/CD
DOUG MARTSCH (Built To Spill) - Now You Know LP
EL-P - Fantastic Damage 3LP/CD
FENNESZ - Field Recordings 1995:2002 CD
FLASH BASTARD - Bastard Radio CD
GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR - Yanqui U.X.O. 2LP/CD
HOT HOT HEAT - Make Up The Breakdown LP/CD
JETS TO BRAZIL - Perfecting Loneliness 2LP/CD
JOHNNY CASH - The Man Comes Around 2LP
JURASSIC 5 - Power In Numbers 2LP/CD
LE TIGRE - Feminist Sweepstakes LP/CD
LOSCIL - Submers CD
LOW - Trust 2LP/CD
NASTY ON - CitySick CD
NEKO CASE - Blacklisted CD
NEKO CASE - Canadian Amp LP
NOAM CHOMSKY - The New War On Terrorism CD
PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES - Good Health CD
Q AND NOT U - Different Damage LP/CD
RED LIGHT STING - Our Love Is Soaking In It! 12"/CDEP
RJD2 - Dead Robin 2LP/CD
SAHARA HOTNIGHTS - Jennie Bomb CD
THE DONNAS - Spend The Night LP/CD
THE ORGAN - Sinking Hearts CD
TWILIGHT CIRCUS DUB SOUND SYSTEM
- The Essential Collection LP/CD
V/A - 20 YEARS OF DISCHORD BOX SET CD BOX
V/A - ELECTROCLASH: NEW YORK CITY COMPILATION CD
V/A - NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE:
A TRIBUTE TO KRIS KRISTOFFERSON CD
(Granddaddy, Handsome Family, Howe Gelb,
Radar Bros, Richard Buckner, Calexico, Califone!)

V/A - SEASONAL GREETINGS:
13 CHRISTMAS AND WINTER SONGS CD
(Low, Saint Etienne, Badly Drawn Boy,
Hood, Herrmann & Klein, Mum)

WHITE STRIPES - Candy Cane Children 7"
WILCO - Yankee Foxtrot Hotel 180g 2LP

Some titles limited, while supply lasts.

**GIFT CERTIFICATES
AVAILABLE!**

JERK WITH A BOMB

Pyrokinesis LP/CD
(Scratch # 40)

Out in Vancouver (only) Dec 10

Understanding the adage that "familiarity breeds contempt", JWBAB draw the listener in with comfortable lulling melodies only to twist them, sharpening the edges, so that the song is reborn as something new and unexpected. Pyrokinesis showcases a band crafting songs with confidence, a band that knows when to lay low in stark, simple rhythms and when to storm ahead with guns blazing. And through it all, the drawling, yelping vocals paint a mined lyrical landscape torn asunder by the complicated politics of love, apathy and misdirected passions.

still available:

JERK WITH A BOMB
The Old Noise LP/CD
(Scratch # 38)

Local Album of the Year 2001 - John Lucas,
The Georgia Straight



BUGSKULL AND THE BIG WHITE CLOUD

Self Titled LP/CD
(Scratch # 36)



Organic space music graced with an abundance of spirit and humanity. It's hard to figure why Bugskull continue to record for micro-indie labels when they're obviously among the world's musical elite. Alternative Press, "What marks out Bugskull from the competition is an otherworldly variant on that most treasured of qualities, namely soul." - Discorder



DESTROYER This Night 2LP (Scratch # 41)

Dan Bejar and fresh company's new opus on the preferred double LP format. It looks better, it sounds better, making this wonderful epic all the more rewarding, and confusing.

coming early 2003:
PROPELLER - Argentio CD
(Scratch # 38)

Scratch releases are available at the following fine stores:
Luckys, Red Cat, Scratch, Teenage Rampage, Virgin Megastore, Zulu.

SCRATCH
313

www.scratchrecords.com

726 Richards Street, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3A4
Tel: (604) 687-0499 Fax: (604) 687-0488 Email: spooner@scratchrecords.com

STORES: Get in touch. EMAIL ORDER: commerce@scratchrecords.com

726 is on the east side of Richards Street, between Robinson and Georgia.

SHINDIG

2002

finals!

DECEMBER 10

my project: blue

Black Rice

The Stunts

9 pm @ the Railway Club, 579 Dunsmuir @ Seymour



CiTR would like to give a big thank you this year's sponsors:



THE HIVE



chart

www.chartattack.com

THE GEORGIA
straight

SCOTCH



ARC
ELECTRONICS



NEXT PIERCINGS

bigRock
BREWERY

WHAP!



VIDEO MATH

BLACK DOG VIDEO

BEAT STREET
RECORDS



THE UBYSSY

FIREBALL PRODUCTIONS

Sugar Refinery

open 5pm-late
1115 Granville St 604 331-1184
deceMBER january

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1 Anne Louise Genest w/ Kate Polsky | 1 every Wednesday in January is |
| 4 Welkin w/ Jon Arnot | Ford Pier w/ guests |
| 5 Bruce Friedman Trio | 2 JP Carter Trio w/ Carsick |
| 6 frequency 'Co'p Radio benefit function 1 | 3 Coco Love Alcorn w/ Ford Pier |
| 7 Closed for private function 1 | 9 A/V Lodge |
| 8 Copperspore Records anniversary party | 10 Alchemy w/ Travis Baker |
| 9 Box North Williamson art opening | 11 JT King w/ Clay George |
| 11-13 Mike Savelle's Shepherds Play 9:30pm | 15 Ford Pier |
| 11 Jesse Cahill Trio | 16 Secrets / Lies |
| 12 Golden Wedding Band | 17 Tony Wilson |
| 13 Barbers Steps | |
| 14 Cynthia Dall Drag City recording artist w/ Mimi 15 Ami from Chicago fix 8 songs @ Zulu, Scratch, S.R. | |
| 15 David Rothbart (NY) from Fam. Magazine | 18 Fond of Tigers |
| 18 Kevin House | 19 Mark Bawing |
| 19 John Bottomley | 22 Ford Pier |
| 20 Tony Wilson | 23 A/V Lodge |
| 21 Secret Three X-mas show | 24 New Old Jazz Band |
| 22 Reze w/ Kytari music | 25 David P. Smith |
| 23 Peter Lipk's JPS videathon | 26 Family Man |
| 24-26 Closed | 29 Ford Pier |
| 27 Toothroes | 30 Loose Acoustic w/ Under Bomb |
| 28 Broken Crow Quartet Feb 1 | 31 The Neins |
| 29 Family Man | Broken Crow Quartet |

31 newyears w/ the Moestics !!!
fix 15 bucks, available soon at the usual spots
every Tuesday is - Parallela -
improv nite, curated by Skye Brooks & JP Carter
new booking line-604 685 5258

space blank
all vegetarian menu

under review

recorded media

ATOMIC 7 Gowns by Edith Head (Mint)

Move over hip hop, move over punk, move over—well everything, because this album doesn't seem to fit into any nicely organized music category that I can think of. But with swingin' melodies played out on guitars emphasized by some nicely paired drummin' and bass, it's a winner on its own. Atomic 7's sound is unique—their music takes you back... somewhere. Some of the songs make you feel like you should be in Hawaii on the beach at sunset, sipping on something alcoholic and sweet, while others just make you feel like a drinkin' and a-dancin' the night away. With nineteen tracks, there's a mood for everyone. And, unlike many crappy albums, Atomic 7 didn't fall for the make-one-song-and-rehash-eighteen-others-just-like-it album; they've definitely established their own original style, but they're not 'N Sync-ing their own stuff. To summarize? Simple. Cool. Toe-tappin'. What more can you need? Well, the cash to buy the album, which I'm recommending in case you slower folks hadn't figured that out yet.

Eurassia

BLURTONIA s/t (Grenadine)

Are you looking for another album to play in the car while rolling down the windows and screaming at innocent bystanders? **Blurtonia** could work. It starts with abrasive layered guitars and keeps going until the end with rock, rock, and nothing but rock. Rock in the older, 1970s sense of the word, that is. They've split the album into parts One and Two, as a denial of the whole CD era of contemporary album production.

As the album goes on, songs like "Perfect Crime" come closer to the present with punk (in the newer sense) influences. But I'd say that's a bit of an anomaly on the record. This is the kind of raw rock that you'd want to hear at your friendly neighbourhood bar when you just want to shout from tables with people you don't know. And it's Canadian, too... so, um, I guess this would be perfect for many.

Well, to be honest, I wasn't convinced in the end, because I've never been a fan of bands that sound too much like their past influences. It's fun-rock, sure, but from the exception of one or two quieter songs, it

doesn't change that much. The album is filled back-to-back with big hair guitar riffs and "this sounds like someone else, doesn't it?"—arrangements. In their favour, though, they do have a lot of energy, and I imagine they'd put on pretty entertaining concerts, but... um... I don't think I'd go.

Samuel Kim

NOAM CHOMSKY The New War on Terrorism ALEXANDER COCKBURN Beating The Devil JELLO BIAFRA Machine Gun in the Clown's Hand HOWARD ZINN Artists in a Time of War

(AK Press / Alternative Tapes)

All four of these spoken word albums discuss pretty much the same theme, and how can they not? The "American Empire" with its cast of "morons" is a hard target to miss. With its slow crawl to fascism turning into a sprint for world domination, these CDs lay bare the facts and passions that drive people to resist the current state of affairs.

Chomsky sets the stage and tells us the facts. On this disc he spells out the players, defines terror, and challenges the credibility of most of "our leaders." Like an encyclopedia, the professor delivers history and news that should chill and shock, but it just keeps coming. Frantically, you could try to take notes, but the papers would pile up fast. This man's speech needs footnotes.

Meanwhile, outside the university, down at the café, **Alexander Cockburn** is raising his voice and turning up the heat. So you know the facts, but what is the state of the "movement"? What is the next stage? It's obvious what's going on, isn't it? Well, what are you doing about it? Delivered with a cynical jab in the side, Cockburn attacks the ruling class and reads the riot act.

Later that night at the bar, while you hide from the police after curfew, there is a scornful jerk on the stage mocking "our leaders," and their police state defenders. Like the French revolutionaries causing sex scandals with lewd drawings, **Jello Biafra** pulls no punches and fights dirty. With three CDs, this release begins to make your head spin until all the caricatures of world affairs seem to be dancing in the fires of hell, laughing and calling your name. Tear down the fences.

The next day in the park,

while you're trying to focus and clear your head, you come across an older man. He begins to talk to you about the old days and past wars. "When the guns boom, the arts die," he says. With wisdom, **Howard Zinn** reminds us that warriors should be artists. Art gives us strength in times of struggle, and gives us the ability to dream a better future. Without that grounding passion for life and friends, you have become a cold-hearted soldier of war.

There is something to learn from each of these discs, and I would recommend checking out any of the titles from the AK Press/Alternative Tapes spoken word series—although it depends on each individual's own attention span and state of mind as to which is most accessible.

Kevin Adam

HOT HOT HEAT Make up the Break Down (Sub Pop)

At first listen, they fool you into thinking they're just another indie-pop outfit. But this Victoria group is more than just the flavour of the musical month: hidden in the folds of the sugary pop beat is ample evidence for experimentation (subtle disco vibes, homages to **The Clash** and **Blondie**, etc.). The first half of the album is excellent: fun, bouncy and interesting. The last half starts to trail off a bit, giving the hint that **Hot Hot Heat** are maybe still looking for a voice. All in all, this first full length LP from Hot Hot Heat delivers all the promises of their EP and then some. Fittingly, they're becoming huge, recently wrapping up a North American tour of almost sold-out venues. It's no wonder that Warner Entertainment was willing to sign them on a multi-million dollar contract. Selling out? Perhaps. At least there will be a gold needle in the stack of shit heaped on mainstream listeners every day in this city.

Rana El-Sabaawi

LOST SOUNDS Rat's Brains And Microchips (Empty Records)

There's a war going on—a war against music. Not just any kind of music, but the bland, the unoriginal, the uninspired music that seems to pollute our headscape, simply because it can. Complacency and apathy are the enemy of today's youth, so who will lead the charge, grab the enemy by the throat and shake it out of its misery? Five black-clad soldiers from Memphis, that's

who. Their secret weapons? "Rat's Brains And Microchips." Who knew fuzzy white rodents would be the messengers of "Total Destruction"? As each N-Stink clone band stares into their beady red eyes, they are left "Frozen In Time" or, better yet, thinking, am I "Dreaming Or Bleeding"? Death comes swiftly to those who dare to oppose **The Lost Sounds** and their no-wave arsenal of synth-punk hits, leaving all who stand in their way buried in a "Tronic Graveyard." A message for future generations of cookie-cutter combos and their ilk: "Peek-A-Boo, You Are Doomed."

Bryce Dunn

MC PAUL BARMAN Pauleluhiti (Coup d'Etat)

MC Paul Barman rhymes with a confusing mix of intelligence and idiosyncrasy. He uses clever word plays and educated references to explain how girls at protests just want to get laid. The rhymes flow like **Del the Funky Homie Sapien** with an unhealthy obsession with nicknames for female genitalia. In "Cook Mobster," **MC Paul Barman** challenges **Too Short** for the title of dirtiest rap song. Instead of rhyming sex acts with regular girls' names like Betty, he describes what he'd like to do to a variety of celebrities, peaking with the line, "Sigourney Weaver has a thrashing heavy beaver." The album has a weird balance between juvenile humour and references that require a broad knowledge of literature. Between discussions of his cock, **Paul Barman** shows respect to the **Rubaiyat** (of Sufi mystic Omar Khayyam)—which kind of makes sense in a distant, surreal way. The production is weak at times, but **Prince Paul** adds his magic to one stand-out track: "Bleeding Brain Grow." **Prince Paul**'s sense of humor, which was evident with **Handsome Boy Modeling School** and on **Prince Among Thieves**, seems to match **MC Paul Barman**. **Pauleluhiti** is interesting to listen to because it is able to show both sides of hip hop at the same time—the peak and the nadir—its stupidity, as well as how clever and well thought out it can be.

Matt Whalley

NIRVANA Nirvana (DGC)

There was this girl in my high school who was obsessed with horses and wore **Nirvana** t-shirts. She also wore this black and gray flannel shirt around her waist all the time. She was kind of pretty, but no one really noticed because she pretended she was a horse and her ass was big, hence the plaid grunge blankie she carried around to cover it up.

If I had a kid, I would name

it Gross.

In summer camp we had teams. We gave our white t-shirts to people with blue markers who wrote down our names. One of the camp counselors had "Kurt Kobain" written on the back of his t-shirt with a drawing of a snowman. They spelled it wrong, I thought.

The only thing worse than wet socks is stepping in shit while wearing waffle grip. You basically have to pick the shit out of each section of waffle with a toothpick. A popsicle stick won't work. I tried that.

I know you're waiting for me to get to the point, but I lost it. I bet you could find it up Courtney Love's asshole.

Christina Min

SEA AND CAKE One Bedroom (Thrill Jockey)

I have a friend whose dad, after hearing *The Sea and Cake's* last album, *Oui*, described the sound they make as "doorbell music." I have another friend who likes to describe them as "lift muzak for the new millennium." (Merek is British. Ed.) I have another friend still who, when speaking to him about the prospect of this new album, believed *The Sea and Cake* to be nothing more than "*Steep Dan* for kids." While all these people will admit that the music *The Sea and Cake* make is pleasantly pleasing, none of these statements can be read as anything other than derogatory. But why? What has this inoffensive little band done to deserve such criticism?

Well, I'll tell you. They've never released a bad album; slaving away with a workmanlike consistency since the release of their eponymous debut in 1994 has done them no favours. The slow and steady progression of their musical ability has left their fans complacently expecting their next release which will be, y'know, kinda similar to their last 'cept maybe a little better and hey, I'll be damned if the production isn't just that little bit slicker. Trust me: if *One Bedroom* had just come out of nowhere, a debut release from an unheard-of band, on some fledgling imprint, it'd be album of the year, on every chart from here to the back of beyond. Instead, *One Bedroom* is just the next in the long line of flawless *Sea and Cake* albums.

Sam Prekop's willfully obscure lyrical contributions are, as ever, few warblings of blissed-out condescension. On tracks like "Left Side Clouded" and "Four Corners," they float freely atop the jazzy foam of the band's krautrock cocktail bar pop—at once impenetrable, yet capable of expressing a hitherto unfathomable emotion. The guitars pick out a pleasing mixture of minor

and major sevenths while the rhythm section pulses, bleeps, and drones with a metronomic precision. It's all perfect. Too perfect. Since the construction of his recording studio, Soma, it seems John McEntire's recording and engineering skills have just become too goddamn good. Like polishing a stone until the grain that made it attractive in the first place is gone, McEntire's proficiency smooths *The Sea and Cake's* sound to within an inch of blandsville. Like his work on the most recent *Stereolab* album, *Sound-dust*, or last year's *Tortoise* album, this production, while undoubtedly accomplished, leaves little room for those happy little accidents—flaws, if you will—that endear a piece of music to the attentive listener. It's these little sparks, which give the impression of spontaneity and chance, which really provide the excitement that elevates an album into "classic" territory.

While in no way will the purchase of this album leave you feeling disappointed—tracks like "Shoulder Length" and "Hotel Tell" rank among some of the *Sea and Cake's* finest outings to date—I feel unable to call this album a classic. Mainly because of the fact that in less than two years time you can bet your bottom dollar the *Sea and Cake* will release another long player every bit as good as *One Bedroom*. And don't classics have to be unique? Unfortunately, yes.

Merek Cooper

SIGUR RÓS

()

(Fat Cat Records/MCA)

A recent contest on *Sigur Rós*' UK website challenged fans to come up with a mathematical equation of the band's sound "without using the words 'glacial,' 'elves,' 'whales,' 'volcanic,' 'landscape' or 'angels'" (emphasis added). The Icelandic group's utterly unique style, defined by Jon Birgisson's bowed guitar playing and otherworldly singing voice (imagine Thom Yorke as a choir boy), combined with ambitious orchestral arrangements, has lent itself to such comparisons. While reviews rhapsodizing about the group's North American debut, *áðgætis byrjun*, in terms of ice caves, cloudscapes and divine visitation got boring sometime in late 2000, they weren't completely off base. *Sigur Rós*' sound is exactly that: a perfect meeting of the natural and the supernatural.

Their newest album, (), presents a similar challenge to their listeners. The songs, averaging eight minutes in length, are all untitled, and come with a blank book of liner notes, inviting you to record your own musings and lyrical interpretations. While this album is already well on

its way to outselling its predecessor, it is decidedly less accessible. Mainstream kids who bought *áðgætis byrjun* for "that song from *Vanilla Sky*" will be stymied by ().

However, the rest of us have a beautiful and complex new album to discover. Kjartan Sveinsson's layered arrangements of a variety of keys and strings are stunning (especially piano and string quartet on Track 1, and church organ on Track 4). The thumping bass and shimmering cymbals that mark the crescendo of Track 6 offer a flawless moment of musical transcendence. While the album takes a few listens to get into, the exercise is well worth it. With a bit of patience, () will provide the perfect soundtrack to sex, studying, or simply sitting, staring, and appreciating.

Susy Webb

SWEATSHOP UNION

(Underworld Records)

Vancouver hip hop groups *Dirty Circus*, *Innocent Bystanders* and *Creative Minds* teamed up with solo artist *Kyprios* in the fall of 2000 to share equipment and lend moral and monetary support to each other's musical work. By the summer of 2001, they had recorded a disc that offers up some provocative tales of urban working class lives. Funky turntable licks and catchy choruses make lyrics containing a serious socialist message easier to swallow, as do the humorous nature of many of the tracks—standout tunes like "President's Choice" and "Don't Mind Us" lace references to local trademarks and landmarks into the storylines.

Any time an album features more than five emcees I worry that it will lack coherence overall—and the bevy of producers this disc boasts made me do a double-take—but this album is far from incoherent. Having different combinations of emcees and producers on every track gave each song its own freshness while the consistency in subject matter gave this record an overall vision. "What I want to suggest we all do is figure out ways of making these issues visible," the opening track proclaims. It appears the *Sweatshop Union* have done that, and done it well.

Lucas TdS

TIGA & ZYNTHIERUS

Sunglasses at Night

(International Deejay Gigolo)

So this is Montreal's answer to New York Electroclash? This is the hit track that's supposedly burning up fashion-savvy dance floors the world over? This, dear friends, is unadulterated bollocks. Pretentious, vapid, and boring without even the lively touches of sleaze or sass, trash like this deserves to be on Electric

Circus, at best. Fawning praise for *Tiga's* tracks from *VICE* and *Exclaim* goes to show that this movement's lack of substance and dependence on blind press is killing it in its infancy. As soon as the music press caved in to *Larry Tee* and decided to call it "electroclash" instead of "leotard-wave," it was apparent that it's going to be all downhill. *Tiga* is, thankfully, the worst of the lot and *Peaches* can still bring it with style and sex appeal, but I've still got the feeling that *Le Tigre* could out-funk *Tiga* and his whole crowd of mullet-sporting fashionista electro-posers with hands tied behind their backs.

saeon

TRANSPLANTS

s/t

(Epitaph)

I knew this album would be different, but the novelty of Travis Barker and Tim Armstrong's talents joined with those of unknown guy Rob Aston does not last for long. This is no better than offensive monotonous shouts from Rob mixed with Tim's gravelly voice, with, thankfully, some guest vocals by Lars Frederiksen, Davey Havok, and (apparently) Brody Armstrong.

The sound is a mix of industrial big beat, a danceable hardcore, some *Rancid*-like melodies, and attempted reggae. It sometimes comes off as that annoying rap-rock sort of sound from a few years ago. I

think the *Transplants* album is most insulting in terms of its lyrics. Cliches, like "what you see is what you get" from "Tall Cans in the Air" and "you snooze, you lose" from "One Seventeen," really get grating after a few minutes.

"Weigh on My Mind" starts off nicely, in a slacker-catchy sort of way, but then Rob has to ruin it with some flat, non-melodic vocals that are incredibly repetitive and aggravating. "California Babylon" kind of reminds me of *Beck's* "Devil's Haircut" at first, but then this annoying chorus appears that forces me yet to think, no, I "don't understand" and I "can't comprehend" what this "California Babylon" is. The song combines some poppy 'woo-hoo' sounds, like "Diamonds and Guns" a few songs before, with Vic Ruggiero's B3-piano sounds (which sound good, but repetitive) and Rob's angry rap sort of stuff.

Overall, this CD is both depressing and uplifting. It seems these guys were trying to do something fresh and original, but the result is a tediously remixed headache.

Natalie Vermeer

THE USED

s/t

(Reprise Records)

I have to admit, my first taste of *The Used* led me more than a little jolted. Watching vocalist Bert McCracken writhe,

convulse, and... puke all over the stage was a rather intense experience. Not exactly what you'd expect from a band on the same label as *Enya*.

Needless to say, I was a little wary of this album and the possible vomit-inducing effects that it might have on even the most average of listeners. But, being the brave soul that I am, I picked up the CD and decided to test the strength of my stomach. It turned out that my apprehension was unwarranted, as the first track quelled my queasiness like a triple helping of Pepto-Bismol. Over the ripping, thrumming guitar courtesy of Quinn Allman, there was enough powerful melody in the vocals to cut through the gut-wrenching screams. Described as "punk/rock/hardcore," this band pounds out a lot more intensity—and (dare I say it?) sincerity—than your usual punk-hardcore four-piece. And, much to my surprise, this album was not just full of intense, angry anthems. Tracks like "On My Own," a slow, heartrending ballad, credit the diversity of *The Used*, and prove that they can do much more than just scream and vomit all over the place. So, if you're having any doubts about picking up this album, I'm giving you my no-honk guarantee.

Marie Foxall

available now

dread on d reary

full length lp only

black bow records

upcoming release: le petit mort 7 inch (fantasy performance-wave)

Know someone that has been very knotty this year...!

KNOTTY BOY DREAD STUFF

DREADLOCK STARTER KITS

Available at Salons, Hemp Stores and Online - And We Do Dread Now, Too!

www.knottyboy.com

dread wax • dread shampoo • rasta hate • accessories

The Leprechaun Colony

by garethgaudin@hotmail.com



Thur Dec 5 lowkey country... Roger Dean Young
 Fri Dec 6 rockin' surf songs w/ Chopper & Gorehound
 Sat Dec 7 folk/country/pop... JT King
 Thur Dec 12 Ford Pier... the eclectic rocker
 Fri Dec 13 open road country... Kingsway w/ special guest Jani Jakovik
 Sat Dec 14 drinkin' country w/ Leeroy Stagger & Nobody's Darlings and Toronto's Lindy
 Thur Dec 19 the voiceheart of the Man... Amy Honey
 Fri Dec 20 Mr. Show Business Grant No-means-no-pay... Tom Holliston w/ the disheartening John Guliak
 Sat Dec 21 smoldering country with Shelley Campbell's Auburn
 Fri Dec 27 the manliest man in Regina... Dave Lang vs J. McLaughlin's Antler and Calgary's The Burnettes
 Sat Dec 28 countrypunk clunters... Tex Tiles & The True Moral Fibres
 New Years Eve the rockabilly highland sound of Butch Murphy & The Greasy Kings
4210 Main St. Vancouver BC 604 709 8555
 cover charge is a measly 5 bucks... so why not support local music?
 booking: contact Dave Gowans... lonesomecowboy@shaw.ca

CD's

Vinyl

Tickets

T-Shirts

Panties

Red Cat Records

4305 Main Street

Ph. 708-9422 * email buddy@redcat.ca

real live action

live music reviews

CHICKS ON SPEED PEACHES

WTF
TRACY AND THE PLASTICS
Thursday, October 24
Sonar

I never want Peaches to be mad at me. That lady dresses like she's out of one of those really bad porn videos where they use a lot of glowing body paint and she still could totally injure me. From the safety of my fancy-people perch, the crowd looked pretty tame and Peaches seemed none too thrilled about it. So yeah, she looked like she wanted to kick some ass (not mine necessarily) when Electroclash came to Vancouver on October 24th.

Electroclash showcased all female acts. Tracy and the Plastics opened up the show and were apparently good. I wouldn't know; I was outside trying to figure out why I wasn't on the guest list. Some people don't know that the girl-way of spelling my name is Erin, not Aaron. Anyway....

WTF were we next and I loved them! Whatever it Takes are most stylish and amusing to watch. These girls are the art-school chicks of your dreams! Shiny lips and all so attractive in so many different ways. I was debating who was the cutest, and finally settled on the tall blonde with the asymmetrical hairdo. Oh, and they dance love 'em!

Chicks on Speed were not to my taste, but certainly were to that of many others. They did flips off the stage railings, ran around, used laptops and sold dresses in the lobby for close to \$100. Plus, they actually were wearing glow-in-the-dark body paint!

Peaches humped hard on stage. She even took a few verbal shots at the crowd for being seemingly detached. I don't get it. It wasn't that late, but people were just vacant.

Ah, Peaches needs to come back and teach us all a lesson.
Erin Shaw

BADLY DRAWN BOY BOB CEMMIS

Friday, November 1
The Vogue Theatre
Have you ever been to a Christmas dinner with your extended family when someone makes a big scene? Despite, everyone's efforts to carry on and put the ugliness behind them, all anyone at the table wants to do is get out of the room as soon as possible. If you've ever been to one of those dinners, then you have a good idea what **Badly Drawn Boy's** gig was like.

The evening started well.

Local artist **Bob Cemis** charmed the assembled crowd of 20-something hipsters and 30-something yuppies with his humorous between-song banter (he thanked the crowd for their applause, "because, let's face it, none of you know who I am"), and his warm acoustic numbers. Many in the crowd were wearing grins by the end of the set.

Badly Drawn Boy, a.k.a. Damon Gough, initially maintained the warmth and charm of Cemis' set with his easy-going banter and exquisitely intricate, pseudo-orchestral pop songs. He successfully coaxed the crowd to the stage with an especially strong version of "Silent Sigh." But no sooner than earning the audience's approval, Gough made 'the scene.'

After earlier complaining of a faulty guitar, a visibly angry Gough switched the lyrics of "Something To Talk About" partway through the song to a repetition of "Fuck off, fuck off," much to the shock of the crowd at the front of the stage (Lord knows what the yuppies who remained seated behind me thought of all this). Even in spite of later efforts to win the crowd back (a ramshackle version of **Bruce Springsteen's** "Thunder Road" was a nice touch), further incidents, like playing a profanity-laced song by kicking the keys of his keyboard to generate notes, sticking his mouth into the microphone to generate feedback bursts on several occasions, and complaining about his bleeding fingertips, failed to endear him to the crowd. Gough ended the set with no encore; I'm not sure anyone minded.

Admittedly, I did find parts of the show entertaining. Then again, I'd probably find someone making a scene at Christmas dinner entertaining; and, generally speaking, Christmas dinners and rock concerts shouldn't leave you with a bad taste in your mouth.
Neil Braun

JORANE Friday, November 1

Massey Theatre
All right. Before I tell you how great this show was, I should probably explain a few things. Like how **Jorane** is a cellist/vocalist from Montreal who looks like a pie and writes music for films. And how she's big in Europe and Quebec, but apparently unknown in Anglophone Canada. Which is our loss.

The smoke machines were set on high at the Massey the-

atre (simulating a Montreal bar, perhaps?), and clouds of the stuff poured out over me and the rest of the crowd of enthusiastic Francophones. I bought some Swedish Berries at the coffee bar to eat in case the show sucked and I got bored. I never opened them.

Jorane appeared on stage, took up her cello, and proceeded to tear the air apart with the great sad voice of the instrument. Wordless, sometimes inhuman vocals punctuated the dark, sweeping phrases and strange noises drawn from the strings. The eerie deluge climaxed with a haunting version of "Film III," when the vocals drifted over soft hand drumming, and the bass throat of the cello opened—like the precise sound of longing—and swallowed the audience whole.

Just when the tidal wave threatened to overwhelm, the atmosphere changed and the band started to rock out. They were extremely well-rehearsed and comfortable with each other, which is due, I would imagine, to spending the last two years touring together. Abruptly, the energy changed again, this time to a weird sort of whimsy. This shift was a little bit of a let-down after the first two thirds of the show, but the night nevertheless ended with a standing ovation and two encores. Take my advice: don't skip out next time Jorane comes 'round. And don't buy any Swedish Berries, either.

Kat Siddle

NO MEANS NO NEW TOWN ANIMALS MONEYSHOT

Wednesday, November 6

Richards on Richards
First off, I should admit that I've been somewhat removed from the punk scene for a few years; along the road of life, I got twisted into a beatnik working-guy, criss-crossing the prairies. Just livin', getting drunk, and absorbing all the experience I could handle. Then I moved here, a couple of months pass, and I see the ad for **NoMeansNo**—a band that helped to shape the person I've grown into. Also, I had seen a video for **The New Town Animals** and liked it. There was no way I was about to let this experience pass me by (unmolested) And molest I did! (I had never heard of **Moneyshot**, but hey, gotta love that name!).

For me, **NoMeansNo** falls into my punk favourites somewhere between **Bad Religion** and **Suicidal Tendencies** (it's a long list, okay?). Their kick-ass punk style has always inspired me, and the fact that they're

hockey-obsessed Canadians only adds to my appreciation.

I had never been to **Richards** on **Richards** and did not know what to expect. The first thing I thought as I strolled in was "Cool—you can smoke in here." I quickly surveyed the joints, then headed to the nearest beer-dispensing apparatus: five-fifty a pint! Shit. Well, my sobriety was bound to stay intact to some degree. I perched myself on the second floor, front and center—perfect for the man who enjoys a good show, but doesn't want to mix

and lined up with the bassist flanked by the two guitarists. The opening song was catchy, fast, and good, though vaguely reminiscent of **NOFX's** "Sticks in my Eye." All three front-men contributed to the vocals, which were a little on the whiney side. A very tight band for the opening act of three! I was impressed and hollered support from my pedestal. Too bad I was the only one (where have all the punk rockers gone?). **Moneyshot** finished up with a drinkin' song about hockey: how very appropriate for the

enjoyed had the vocals been turned up a notch, but their closing song really kicked ass. Good show, but I expected more.

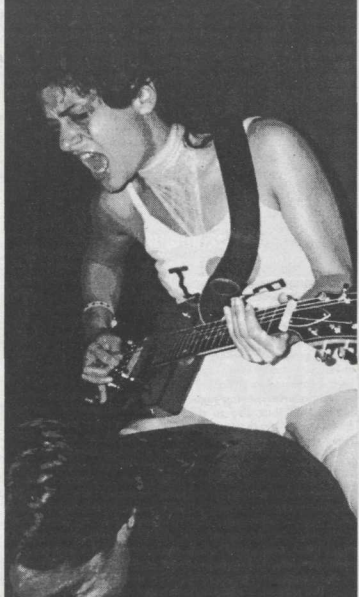
Finally it was time to see the legendary brothers. They took the stage rather quietly, wearing no silly costumes, and caring little about decorations or image. Their guitarist followed quietly—almost invisible. This was the brothers' show, and it was obvious. The guys were looking a little old, but hey—does that matter when it comes to cool music? Fuck no. From all the talk and exaggerations, I was hoping to see them pick on the sound crew (they're known for their meticulous attention to detail)... but they didn't. I guess it measured up to their standards—sounded good to me too! **YEOU!** Damn good times. By the time the (unreal) Hansen brothers got to their fourth song, I was slightly drunk and having a ball—it was great to see some real, unique, and gifted bastards jammin' out authentic punk! These guys are real musicians and it shows through their multi-layered songs and well thought-out lyrics. Fast, hard, jumpin' tunes; enough to get me spillin' beer and not caring! Finally, we heard a little from the guitarist and they played a song written by him—apparently fifteen years ago. It was okay. Then, to my surprise, the brothers broke out some brand new shit and rocked the house. The crowd was jammed and the mosh was in good order. Nice to see the crowd wasn't all soulless and uncaring—earlier in the night I wondered where all the real punks had gone; I saw now that the masses were merely saving their energy for the big show. I couldn't help but smile: this is punk rock.

Marc Fehr

JOHN ZORN'S ELECTRIC MASADA

Friday, November 8

Vogue Theatre
Masada is the name of a fortress where, in the first century, an army of Hebrew soldiers committed mass suicide rather than surrender to the Romans. An exceptionally appropriate name, I think, for **John Zorn's** book of tunes based on traditional Jewish scales, especially when placed in the hands of this band. For this tour (and the band's first appearance outside New York City), John Zorn has assembled some of the most talented musicians alive: **Marc Ribot** (best known for his work with **Tom Waits**) on guitar, **John Medeski** on the organ, **Trevor Dunn**, formerly of **Mr. Bungle**, on bass, **Sex Mob's** Kenny Wollesen on drums, **Cyro Baptista** on percussion, **John Saft** on keyboards, and **John Zorn** himself on saxophone. Individually, every one of them is formidable. Together, they form a conglomeration of stinking raw genius so vast



Don't Worry, Peaches is angry at all of us equally.
Photo By The Delicious Miss D.

with the unwashed masses; besides, I wanted to take notes. Behind me, **The New Town Animals** were in the middle of a photo shoot. Clad in attire stolen directly from a now defunct '80s band—goofy sunglasses, thin ties, and white socks with cheap suits—they acted up a scene and appeared to be having a good time. I like a punk band that fucks around.

The stage was cluttered with amps and various musical equipment. The house music was switching from crap to crap—ill-appropriate to warm up a punk rock audience. The problem was finally corrected about twenty minutes before **Moneyshot** took the stage. The four guys came striding on, looking as if they expected a much warmer welcome than they actually received,

opening act to **NoMeansNo!** The crowd thickened during the break before **The New Town Animals** were ready to start up; they had to set up TVs bearing their logo and post songlists all over the stage. This, in combination with their get-ups, made me wonder about their priorities. The lead singer clomped around the stage wearing huge red shoes that were either Doc Marten's or Bozo's—I couldn't tell which—and vied with the guitarist for attention. The manic, slightly over-acted ax-man amused (or annoyed) the audience by making faces, sneering, and acting like a wild-man. Whatever—something to watch. At any rate, their music was pretty cool—good ol' punk rock with a bit of a **Ramones** feel to it. Fast and fun. The whole set would've been better

THE
BLINDING LIGHT!!
HARPOWELL CINEMA 478-3344

DEC

SMELL-O-VISION RETURNS 10
Smell what you've been missing (+ Guests!)

BEST OF OLYFEST 19 11
Cine-X and more with CHRIS CHASE in person

BRING YOUR OWN FILM 12
The voyeur edition - show us your stuff

THE MATCH FACTORY GIRL 13
EYE OF NEWT live with the Kaurismaki classic

MULTIPIX GRAND! 14
Audio-visual stylings and epic battles!

ECIAD 2nd Year SCREEN 15
Brand new shorts for your hungry eyes

JAN

SCHLOCK! 17-19
The Secret History of American Movies, with indie-culties, roughies, and '50s horror

SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE 21
Situationalists Unite!

NANOOK OF THE NORTH 22
EYE OF NEWT play live to the silent classic

THIS IS NOWHERE 23-24
A disturbing portrait of VW/Mart addition

CATCHING OUT 25-26
Hopping freight trains as a way of life

REVEREND BILLY 28-29
THE CHURCH OF STOP SHOPPING - political theatre in NYC

BRING YOUR OWN FILM 30
DVD, VHS, Super 8 and 16mm - bring it!

SCUMROCK 31-3
Montage's "fuck you" to the digital revolution



it beggars description. Under Zorn's subtle, masterful conducting, the band alternated seamlessly between the powerful melodies of Middle Eastern-inflected jazz and mad, interlocking soloing so complex it was barely distinguishable from total noise chaos. Cyro Baptista in particular was incredible, laying down a rhythm solo towards the end of the first set (that's right, they played two sets) that incited cheers and applause before it even ended. John Medeski also amazed with stunningly creepy, atmospheric playing and total mastery of his instrument—at one point he was playing the organ like a hand drum. By the time the encore rolled around, the crowd was so hyped that the band couldn't even continue playing—they had to wait for the hooting, hollering, animal noises, and repeated calls of "Zoorrrrrrrii JOOOHH ZOOORRRRII" to subside. In the end, the band received two standing ovations for a one-of-a-kind performance that Vancouver may never be witness to again.

—saelan

HOT HOT HEAT THE DISMEMBERMENT PLAN ENGINE DOWN THE DIRTMITS

Saturday, November 9

The Commodore Ballroom
A large group of retro-attired children-of-the-80's converged on the Commodore to not only hear a quartet of top-flight indie bands, but also to see them demonstrate that one thing required of all live acts: the rock star move!

Vancouver's very own **The Dirmitts** were the first band of this 4-hour extravaganza. Guitarist Dallas Kruszelnicki guitar-grinded with bassist Jen Deon as the band played an enthusiastic set of 2000's-era power-pop: shiny pop hooks surrounded by garage-rock feedback. Unfortunately, Natasha Thirkens's vocals were completely lost in the mix—

something of a disappointment for a girl-pop aficionado like myself.

Next up was Richmond, VA's **Engine Down**, who played an incredibly strong half an hour featuring songs with repeating guitar lines building to explosive finishes. The band's dual-guitar attack created an enveloping sound that set them apart from the other pop-inflected bands on the bill. Add the mad onstage thrashing of both guitarist Jonathan Fuller and bassist Jason Andrew Wood to the banhee wail of singer/guitarist Keeley Davis, and you had a performance that commanded respect from an appreciative audience.

The third band, Washington, DC's **The Dismemberment Plan**, didn't have fans at the show; they had a devoted cult. The Plan's disciples sung along to all of Travis Morrison's complicated lyrics, such that Morrison didn't need to finish singing "You Are Invited." Morrison couldn't help beaming at the faithful's dedication and their rapturous applause, which followed each of The Plan's songs. Quite honestly, the band earned all this admiration and then some with their performance. Songs that would start quiet and spare would suddenly shift to a glorious midsection, replete with melodic guitars, a funky synthesizer, and an extremely tight rhythm section. As for the rock star moves, Morrison invited the crowd up onstage to dance to "The Ice of Boston" and the band's finale, a frenetically paced medley, featured some **Avril Lavigne**, which again had the crowd singing along to "Complicated" lyrics.

At midnight, a black curtain at the front of the stage parted to reveal Victoria's **Hot Hot Heat** to an adoring crowd. Singer/keyboardsist Steve Bays shimmied, strutted, and got up-close-and-personal with the audience as the band tore through its **Strokes-meets-The**



We at DISORDER don't trust people who don't like
A) Johnny Cash or B) Neko Case.

Photo By Robyn Hanson

Attractions material with such zeal that their songs' hooks took on new prominence compared to their recorded counterparts. After forty minutes of playing, Bays sheepishly admitted that the band had run out of songs they knew how to play. No matter: with their pop smarts and master of rock star moves, they'll be given plenty of opportunity to write more.

Neil Braun

GEORGE CLINTON & THE P-FUNK ALLSTARS THE MERCENARIES Sunday, November 10 Commodore Ballroom

It was sure nice to see the Commodore packed on a Sunday night. Oh, yeah, the next day was a stat holiday. Still, it was nice to see the younger set decked out in their retro gear (retrofitted?) for a night of vintage funk from one of the founders of the genre.

Opening act was **THC Mercenaries**, a three-man rap squad from New Jersey. They were backed by three of the younger members of the **P-Funk** collective, and it was

pretty clear that the backing band was the best thing going on. THCM didn't bring a lot to the par-tay beyond what we've come to expect from rap outfits via Hollywood movies: Macho bravado, mucho gesturing, sniff smoking, and the obligatory souvenir t-shirt from Blunt Bros.

"Vintage" funk turned out to be a misnomer. P-Funk is far from a museum piece. It's an apprenticeship, it's a collective, it's a working band containing sixty-year-olds and twenty-somethings—the old and the new. I lost track at about 15 for number of people onstage.

Strictly speaking we didn't get the "3 1/2 hours of funk" we were promised, as George didn't take the stage until just before midnight. Even though his entrance was more a waddle than a walk, George is still as scary as he was when I was an impressionable teen watching him many years ago on **Don Kirschner's Rock Concert**. As he shuffled around like the old man that he is, I wondered whether GC has finally lost his relevance. However, the band still looked to him for the inspiration and spark that drives the big funk machine. And drive it hard and long.

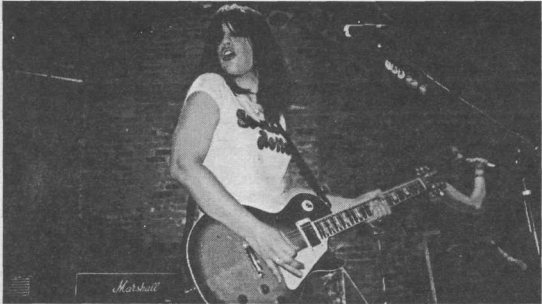
More than enough funk to make your ears bleed, and as long as P-Funk keeps pumping in new blood, they'll be around for a good long time.

Val C.

THE WARLOCKS THE CINCH NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND Monday, November 18 Richard's On Richard's

A rainy Monday night must have kept the crowds away, because the stalwart **Notes from Underground** had to play to an empty dance floor. Small knots of onlookers clustered around the balcony and bar as Vancouver's most promising new trio belted out a series of taut, vicious rock numbers in the ever-popular **Strokes/MCS** vein with a touch of **Lou Reed**

in the vocals, all the more evident when they slowed it down to a melancholy **VU** haze for their last tune. Trading instruments between songs doesn't hurt their cred, either. Next up, **Stutter Records** label-mates **The Cinch** got some people out on the floor and bobbing their heads, but their size and lack of intensity made them seem a little tame after the Notes' focused, white-knuckle assault. All the same, their brand of **Wire-like** poppy post-punk is well-liked in these parts, and their better songs won loud cheers and applause. **The Warlocks**, when they finally got up on stage, were a dark horse of a different color. The defining element of this band is size, and with seven members (two drummers, three guitars, bass, and a lead singer who alternated guitar and tambourine), they make use of their dimensions not through proggy jams, but a less-is-more aesthetic that fuses all their instruments into the same patterns. The result of this approach is a monstrous, overwhelming wall of sound that rolls over you like the fog from their smoke-machine, breaking down conscious barriers until you succumb to the spell of the Warlocks. Like the zombieified, black-clad alter-egos of **Spiritualized's** rarefied white noise, these L.A. lads process blues-inflected rock through a krautrock matrix for maximum hypnotic effect; rather than strive for the purity of **Jason Pierce's** jams, though, the Warlocks' noise submits gleefully to thick, dark obscurity. The Velvet Underground influence is unmistakable, as is the powerful debt to **The Stones**, but when **The Warlocks** really hit their stride, singer and bandleader **Bobby Hecksher's** voice recalls most strongly those moments in **Stoges** tunes when Iggy breaks through his angry, terminally fucked-up haze to expose genuine introspection. When



Donna R. does her show-stopping Steven tyler impression.

Photo By Katie Lapi

Hecksher lurches shambolically across the stage, he even looks like Iggy. Their stage presence was aided and abetted by the aforementioned fog machine and augmented by poisonous green lights, fiery red ones, and a laser setup behind the drum kits (which were painted with big leering skulls), all of which contribute to the Warlocks' reputation as a superior drug band, a label they're not about to shake anytime soon with song titles like "Cocaine Blues," "Shake the Dope Out," and, perhaps the least subtle of all, "The Dope Feels Good." Throughout their satisfyingly long set, they played all of the above tunes, as well as some solid rockers from their new *Phoenix* album like "Stone Hearts," and "Hurricane Heart Attack," as well as old favorites like "Song for Nico," and their encore closer, a riotous jam of "Angry Demons." I left tired and grinning, and I can only feel sorry for everybody who stayed home.

sean

THE WEEKEND THE RUMOURS

Saturday, November 23

Piccadilly Pub
Despite some serious sound troubles, the girls rocked Vancouver on Saturday night, with a sold-out show of "chick rock" at the Pic Pub. **The Organ's** coolly disengaged set left the audience completely unprepared for **The Rumours**, who had replaced **Pepper** **Sand** as the mid-time act. The lead singer for The Rumours exploded like Gwen Stefani's really evil twin, fusing pin-up girl sex appeal with an unsettling aggression that left the audience more overwhelmed than rocked. At least, until she shrieked, "my pants ripped up the crotch and I'm not wearing any underwear!" Her band mates tied two Rumours jackets around her waist, and they finished up, noticeably subdued.

Pop savours **The Weekend** were far more comfortable onstage. Armed with wonderfully girly vocals, powerchords, and keyboards, they dealt out one sugarcoted gem after another. It might not be the most original sound, but for an independent band from London, Ontario, it's shockingly perfect: simple, dead-on songwriting, with UFO bleeps over electric guitars. Add that to an irrepressibly sexy stage presence, a wacky keyboardist, and a killer cover of **Loverboy's** "Working for the Weekend," and you have some serious potential for global pop domination. And I say bring it on!

Kat Siddle

SIGUR RÖS
SIGGI ARMAN
Wednesday, November 27
The Vogue

I arrived almost two hours

before the doors, and took my place in the rapidly growing line-up of fans. Of course, my friends arrived much later, and I spent a good hour alone in front of the Starbucks at Granville and Smith, scowling at the idiots prancing around with their disposable corporate coffee cups (get fucking re-usable mugs, people!), and eavesdropping on the conversations of those around me. It seemed that almost everyone, myself included, had attended the art-rock quartet's incredible show last October at St. Andrews-Wesley church. Having been treated to the unbelievable acoustics of the church, a spare video backdrop synchronized perfectly with the music, and a superlative set that ran almost three hours, expectations were running high.

My friends finally arrived, and we entered the Vogue in a high state of excitement. The supporting act, expatriate Icelandic singer-songwriter **Siggi Armann**, had been hyped by the band on their website and in interviews. Afterwards, we couldn't imagine why. Conjure up the most cringe-inducingly overwrought moments of **Simon and Garfunkle** and **David Gray**, play it on classical guitar (which I maintain never suits pop music), and slap lyrics like "Even big boys cry when their brothers die / Even big boys cry when their best friends die" on top of it all. Brutal. The crowd talked, napped, and waited for **Siggi Rös** to take the stage.

At last they did, with the outstanding addition of multi-instrumentalist all-woman sting quartet, **Amina**. The group began with *Track One* from their new album, (*),* and proceeded to go through a variety of pieces from their entire ensemble. While I wouldn't go so far as to criticize the group's studio work, their production does not convey the full power of Joni Birgisson's otherworldly singing voice. In truth, probably no production could. His impassioned, Thom-Yorke-ravishes-choir-boy vocal performance must be seen to be believed. Kjartan Sveinsson switched from his usual role on keys to contribute beautiful lead guitar on several songs, and bassist Georg Holm created a stir by playing one song with a drum stick, creating a perfectly-metered, reverberating bass note. However, the night by no means recaptured the magic of last year's event. The band was playing the final show of a month-long tour—and were on stage for their third night in a row. They were noticeably fatigued, as was the crowd after being tortured by that damn **Siggi**. Nonetheless, we left happy, laden with merchandise, and anticipating their return.

Susy Webb

EVERY TUESDAY fever

YOUR CHANCE FOR THE BOOGALOO HU
COMMODORE BALLROOM



mc velvet k
"TAKE 2 AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING"
dr. blue
"NEW WEEKEND ROCK NOTES"

di chilet
TAKING PULSES IN R.P.M.
BEST L.P. IN THE
Love Bed
"SINGING HIGH"

DECEMBER 5

The Weakerthans

with special guests **Complete**
plus guests **Beekkeepers**



RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

DECEMBER 9

ALL ORIGINAL MEMBERS

THE BLASTERS



WITH GUESTS
BUGHOUSE 5

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & HIGHLINE

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY DECEMBER 13



OAKENFOLD

LIVE! 12:30AM WITH BAND

Paul Oakenfold DJ set

11:30pm-12:30am

with guest **HERNAN CATTANEO**

(9:30-11:30PM)

COMMODORE BALLROOM

DECEMBER 16

The ★ Ataris



The Go-Reflex
Anti Freeze

TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE AT ZULU & SCRATCH

CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE

SATURDAY JANUARY 11

AN EVENING WITH HENRY ROLLINS



GENERAL ADMISSION SEATING
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU & NOIZE

VOGUE THEATRE

SATURDAY JANUARY 25



TICKETS ALSO AVAILABLE
AT HIGHLINE AND ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FEBRUARY 1

DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS



EARLY SHOW!
DOORS AT 7:00PM

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

FEBRUARY 4

BRITAIN'S
TRIP-HOP
SENSATIONS
RETURN...

MORCHEEBA

WITH
SPECIAL
GUESTS

TICKETS
ALSO AVAILABLE
AT ZULU
AND SCRATCH



COMMODORE BALLROOM

PURCHASE TICKETS **800.800.AT** AT **hob.com** OR **ticketmaster.ca** **ticketmaster** 604.280.4444 / www.ticketmaster.ca

TOP 10

Chris Eng, Editor

Top 10 Celebrity Crushes

1. Alyson Hannigan (Willow, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. The ultimate geek-girl. Nerd Valkyrie.)
2. Janet Weiss (Sleater-Kinney. Wickedest drummer in the world. Wickedest.)
3. Liv Tyler (Arwen, *LoTR*. Elf-hottie.)
4. Lorian (The Weekend. Glasses and a Tolkien-esque name. You do the math.)
5. Stacey DeCobay (G.I. Joe Killaz. C'mon—the Baroness rapping. Drool.)
6. Tina Fey (*Saturday Night Live*. She's sassy and so nasty.)
7. Brody (The Distillers. She's nasty and so sassy.)
8. Strider (*LoTR*. Apparently his "real" name is Vigo. Right. Whatever.)
9. Britney (Britney Spears. She's a slave 4 u 'n' me. The hell with being "dirty".)
10. Demonicle (Scratching Post. Canadian metal queen and heir-apparent to Lee Aaron—so hott.)

The Shake

Wednesdays, 1:00-2:00PM

Top Ten Things That Give Me The Bad Shake

1. Heard Michael Gira is a construction worker
2. Of the Simon and Garfunkel array of spices, sage
3. The words "buns" and "hubby" in close proximity
4. The words "hot" and "heat" in close proximity
5. The conspicuous smoothness of mold-fabricated ceramics
6. Kingsway's diagonal trajectory
7. "Disposable Cutting Surfaces"
8. British period pieces
9. Capellini

10,000 Voices

Tuesdays, 5:00-6:00PM

Books Published This Year That I Liked

1. *The Autograph Man* by Zadie Smith
2. *Exile* by Ann Ireland
3. *Dead Girls* by Nancy Lee
4. *The Broken Record Technique* by Lee Henderson
5. *The Sudden Weight of Snow* by Laisha Rosanu
6. *Cumberland* by Michael V. Smith
7. *Lemony Snicket: The Unauthorized Autobiography*
8. *The Saints of Big Harbour* by Lynn Coody
9. *Heroines* by Lincoln Clarkes
10. *Blueprint* Edited by Wade Compton

Third Time's The Charm

Tuesdays, 9:30-11:30AM

Ten Reasons Why Rock and Roll Still Rules

- 1-4. Each member of Sahara Hotnights
5. The Peepshows—watch out for this next Swedish export!
6. The Dirtbombs/Detroit Cobras/Ko and The Knockouts show, Oct. 4 in Seattle—from beginning to end, FUN! FUN! FUN!
7. Labels like *Sympathy For The Record Industry*, *Dirtnap*, *Estrus*, *Gearhead*...
8. Turbonegro reuniting! Look for a new record in 2003!
9. Local faves The Spitfires, The Nasty On, Three Inches Of Blood,

and new kids on the block The Gung Ho's and Spread Eagle

10. The Piccadilly Pub—sure, sometimes the view sucks and the sound isn't always great, but where else are you gonna see a band like The Chargers Street Gang get the entire audience on stage for a rousing rendition of "Gloria", singin' and shakin' 'til well after the house lights are up and the bar staff is out the door?

My Alt

alt. Mondays, 6:30-7:30PM

Top 10 Shows and Albums of 2002

1. Joel RL Phelps live at Jay's
 2. Joel RL Phelps and the Downer Trio live at the I-Spy
 3. US Maple live at the Sugar Refinery
 4. STREETS-Worms
 5. Nina Nastasia-*The Blackened Air*
 6. Silkswarm-*Italian Platinum*
 7. Mecca Normal-*The Family Swan*
 8. Wire-*Read and Burn* 01
 9. Whitehouse-*"Wriggle Like a Fucking Eel"*
 10. Capozzi Park-*The Record of Capozzi Park*
- #### Top 10 Things That Make Me Puke
1. Das Carcuss-Big Brother
 2. Brent Soper-Vancouver Canucks
 3. Allen Iverson-Philadelphia 76ers
 4. Tom Scharpling-The Best Show on WFMU
 5. Tom Kipp-Rock Historian
 6. Wener's Barbeque-The Best Show on CITR
 7. Mandarin-Oranges
 8. Flip-Sorry
 9. Richard Meltzer-Rhymes With Seltzer
 10. Mark Gonzales-Sick

Merek Cooper, Production Manager

Top Ten Reasons Why Canada Sucks

1. GST? What? PST? What the fuck? Hey shopkeep, do the math your fucking self!
2. It looks like America. It sounds like America. Let's face it, it is America.
3. The cheesy smile plastered on everyone's face. Like you're actually that happy.
4. Soccer. The rest of the world calls it football, get with the program. Oh, and maybe learn to play.
5. Mountains and trees are not a substitute for culture.
6. In England, they're just muffins.
7. CanCon.
8. No, I'm not Australian.
9. Or a Kiwi.
10. The maple leaf on backpacks. Guess what? We don't care. (See No. 2.)

Top Ten pieces of Entertainment Media I have enjoyed in the last year.

1. *The Royal Tenenbaums*
2. Ikara Colt-Chat and Business
3. Jeffrey Lewis-*The Last Time I Took Acid I Went Insane* (e.p.)
4. John Mathias-Small Town Shining
5. Secretary
6. The Super Furry Animals live experience.
7. Smog-Accumulation:None
8. McClusky-Light Saber Cock Sucking Blues (single)

9. The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster-Horse Of The Dog
10. The Stereo Effect website News section: www.thestereoeffect.com

Anoize

Wednesdays 11:30 - 1:00pm

Top Ten of 2002

1. Acid Mothers Temple-41st Century Splendid Man
2. Rhys Chatham-Compendium Box Set
3. Comets On Fire-Field Recordings From the Sun
4. Steffen Basho Junghans-Waters In Azure
5. Kawabata Mokoto-Infinite Love
6. Iannis Xenakis-Peresopolis Remixes
7. Kansas-Proto-Kaw early recordings...
8. Negativland-Deathcentores...
9. David Cross-Shut Up You Fucking Baby
10. Mainliner-Imaginary Plain

CPR

Tuesdays 2:00 - 3:00pm

Top Ten Warcraft III Custom Maps

1. MiniGunnerz
2. Aeon of Strife Tri-War
3. Devil's Tower Defense 1.4
4. Archer TD
5. Advanced Castle Defense
6. Island Weakest Link
7. Risk 2.0
8. Blixel's Tower Defense
9. Heroes Arena
10. Footman Madness

Russ Davidson

DISCORDER's Art Director

Top Ten Fonts I Hate Sooo Much

1. Copperplate Gothic
2. Lucida Handwriting
3. Arial
4. Arial Black
5. Arial Narrow
6. Comic Sans MS
7. Courier
8. Personal handwritten fonts
9. Futura (those stupid a's)
10. Berthold Akzidenz Grotesk Condensed (ohh just kidding).

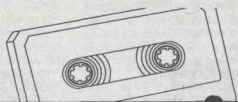
And Sometimes Why

First Wednesday of each month 7:30 - 9:00pm

Miko's Top Ten (in alpha. order)

1. Café Flora: Restaurant (Seattle)
2. Cha-ya: Vegan restaurant (San Francisco)
3. Dalek: From Filthy Tongue of Gods and Griots
4. Cynthia Dall: Sound Restores Young Men
5. Low: Trust
6. Nina Nastasia: The Blackened Air
7. Piano: when its Dark its Summer
8. Sleater-Kinney: One Beat
9. Mary Timony: The Golden Dove
10. Windy (simply read books) by Robin Mitchell and Judith

CiTR's 2002 RUNDOWN



Decembruary Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| 1 Add N To (X) | 160 Like Nature | Mute |
| 2 The Agenda | Start the Panic | Kindercore |
| 3 P:ano | When It's Dark And Its Summer | Hive Fi |
| 4 Pavement | Slanted And Enchanted: Reduxe | Matador |
| 5 Boards of Canada | Twoism | Warp |
| 6 Bjork | Bjork's Greatest Hits | Elektra |
| 7 Button Down Beats | V/A | Nordic Trax |
| 8 Dirlimitts | Get On | Sonic Unyon |
| 9 Reverberators | Limbo Fury | Indie |
| 10 Hot Hot Heat | Make Up The Breakdown | Sub Pop |
| 11 The Organ | Sinking Hearts | Global Symp... |
| 12 Flash Bastard | Bastard Radio | Longshot |
| 13 RFTC | Live From Camp X-Ray | Vagrant |
| 14 Liars | Fins To Make Us More Fish-Like [EP] | Mute |
| 15 Steel Pole Bath Tub | Unlistenable | Midheaven |
| 16 Twilight Circus... | Dub Plates Vol. 3 | M |
| 17 Sadies | Stories Often Told | Outside |
| 18 Destroyer | This Night | Merge |
| 19 Godspeed... | Yanqui U.X.O. | Constellation |
| 20 Donnas | Spend The Night | Atlantic |
| 21 Smog | Accumulation: None | Drag City |
| 22 Lemon Jelly | Last Horizons | XL |
| 23 Yeah Yeah Yeahs | Machine [EP] | Touch and Go |
| 24 Jello Biafra | Machine Gun... | Alt.Tentacles |
| 25 TS/OOL | Behind The Music | Universal |
| 26 Tipsy | Remix Party | Asphodel |
| 27 Riff Randells | Riff Randells | Delmonic |
| 28 Sights | Got What We Want | Fall of Rome |
| 29 Banco De Gaia | 10 Years | Six Degrees |
| 30 Ruins | Tzomborgha | Ipecac |
| 31 Warlocks | Phoenix Album | Birdman |
| 32 The Raveonettes | Whip it on | Crunchy Frog |
| 33 Ladytron | Light and Magic | Emp Norton |
| 34 Nasty On | Citysick | Stutter |
| 35 Amon Tobin | Out From Out Where | Ninja Tune |

Decembruary Short Vinyl

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1 Gentlemen Of Horror | 5 Song 45 | Independent |
| 2 Frog Eyes/JWAB | Split | Global Sym... |
| 3 Destroyer | The Music Lovers | Sub Pop |
| 4 New Town Animals | Fashion Fallout | Dirtnap |
| 5 The Spitfires | Juke Box | High Glazed |
| 6 Kevin Blechdom | Jelly Donuts | Four States Fair |
| 7 The Lallies | Channel Heaven | Evil World |
| 8 Kung Fu Killers | S/T | TKO |
| 9 Calo Salsa Exp. | Picture Disc | Emp. Norton |
| 10 Get Hustle | Who do You Love | Gravity Scat |
| 11 Chromantics/Monitor | Split | GSL |
| 12 The Evaporators | Hank The Horn | Nardwuar |
| 13 Gene Defcon | Baby Halleujah | Modern Radio |
| 14 Mirah | Small Scale | K |
| 15 The Riffs | Such A Bore | TKO |
| 16 The Agenda | Are You Nervous? | Kindercore |
| 17 V/A | Modern Radio Presents... | Modern Radio |
| 18 Rag Boosters | Side Tracked | Z.V. Action |
| 19 Veal | I Hate Your Lipstick | Six Shooter |
| 20 The Cleats | Save Yourself | Longshot |

Decembruary Imaginary Home Jobs

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 Bikini Shop | Sick of Charlie |
| 2 Russ and the Maniacs | Indesign Yo' Ass |
| 3 Video Tokyo | S/T |
| 4 Felt Phallus | Slip It In |
| 5 The Dirty Bitches | You Think Your Shit Stinks? |
| 6 Show Phonies | Me, Myself and You |
| 7 Deception Waves | Willfully Obscure |
| 8 Metalicious | Starvin' for Metal |
| 9 Sweet Oriental | How Wong Can It Be? |
| 10 Stench | Excrete My Gurgling Prey |
| 11 The Children | This One's For The Terrorists |
| 12 Catholic Biscuit | Young and Firm |
| 13 Wesley Willis Song Generator | Chris Eng |
| 14 Instant noodlz | Noodle in Yo' Mouth |
| 15 The Baptist Brothers | The Bad Man |
| 16 The Wargamers | Hardcore |
| 17 Barfburn | Softserve |
| 18 Cat Piss Toque | Surrey Gurls |
| 19 Jack and the Stack | Soccer Christ Victorious |
| 20 Mac Attac | Switcher |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "November" charts reflect airplay over October). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

Hey!!*

*This got your attention, right? You're reading this, right?
This could be your ad.
To find out about our cheap rates:
call: 604 329 3865
email: discorder@yahoo.com

BEATUP RONIN 1:00-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CPR 2:00-3:00PM

Buh bump... buh bump... this is the sound your heart makes when you listen to science talk and techno... buh bump...

ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSES

alt. 3:30-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30-

4:30PM Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN

4:30-5:00PM

10,000 VOICES 5:00-6:00PM

Poetry, spoken word, performances, etc.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-

8:00PM Up the punx, down the emal Keepin' it real since 1989. yo. <http://flexyourhead.vancouverh.org/core/>

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00-

10:00PM

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN

alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveand@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM (FORMERLY

SOULSCONIC WANDERLUST)

alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

Electro-acoustic-trip-dub-ethno-groove-ambient-soul-jazz-fusion and beyond! From the bedroom to Bombay via Brooklyn and back. The sounds of reality remixed. Smile. <sswanderlust@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00-6:00AM It could be punk, afro, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different... Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-**

7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00-9:00AM Bringing you an entertaining and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick The Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem! <suburbanjungle@chan.net88.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-

10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE ANTIDOTE 10:00AM-

11:30PM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE 1:00-2:00PM

RADIO FREE PRESS

2:00-3:00PM Zines are dead! Long live the zine show!

MOTORDADDY alt.

3:00-5:00PM Cyclical riff rock and roll

RUMBLESTONE RADIO alt.

3:00-5:00PM Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. www.necessaryvoices.org

FILL-IN 6:30-7:30PM

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt.

7:30-9:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

REPLICA REJECT alt.

7:30-9:00PM Indie, new wave, punk, and other noise.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country and more. Not a mirage! <folkcoast@canada.com>

STRAIGHT CUTTA

JAILUNDHAR 10:30AM-

12:00AM alt DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in

radioactive Bhungari "Chalkh de phutay."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

12:00-3:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

3:00-6:00AM

THURSDAY**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-**

8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00-10:00AM

PLANET LOVITRON 10:00-

11:30AM Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert

Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and

intergalactic funkmanhip.

<robotlove@yahoo.com>

CANADIAN LUNCH alt.

11:30AM-1:00PM

YUKON HO alt. 11:30AM-

1:00 PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow [punk and hardcore].

THE ONOMATOPEIA SHOW

2:00-3:00PM Comix comix

comix. Oh yeah, and some

music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY

alt. 5:00-6:00PM Viva la

Velouria! DJ Helmet Hair and

Chainbreaker Jane give you

all the bike news and views

you need and even cruise

around while doing it!

www.sustainability.com/dinos/radio

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30-9:00PM The best in roots

rock 'n' roll and rhythm and

blues from 1942-1962 with your

snappilyattired host Gary Olsen.

<criphup55@aol.com>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD

RADIO HELL 9:00-

11:00PM Local muzak from 9.

Live bondz from 10-11. <http://www.stepandahalf.com/tbirdhell>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-

1:00AM An old punk rock heart

considers the oneness of all things

and presents music of worlds

near and far. Your host, the great

Daryl-oni, seeks reassurance via

<worldheat@hotmail.com>

WIRELESS CRUELTY 1:00-

6:00AM

FRIDAYS**BBC WORLD SERVICE 6:00-**

8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-

10:00AM Trawling the trash

heap of over 50 years worth of

red rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to <djska_r@hotmail.com>.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS**12:00-2:00PM**

Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

2:00-3:30PM The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDVUET THE HUMAN

SVIRTUETE PRESENTS...

3:30-5:00PM

CTR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00-

6:00PM A volunteer produced

student and community newscast

featuring news, sports and arts.

Reports by people like you.

"Become the Media." To get

involved, visit www.citr.ca and

click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt.

6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-

9:00PM David "Love" Jones

brings you the best new and old

jazz, soul, funk, samba, bossa

and African music from around

the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but

also some trance, acid, tribal, etc.

Guest DJs, interviews, rel-

spectives, giveaways, and

more.

BREAKING WAVES IN YOUR

HEAD 12:00-2:00AM

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW

2:00-4:00AM

SATURDAY**THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 4:00-**

8:00AM Dark, sinister music of

all genres to soothe the Dragon's

soul. Hosted by Drake.

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-

12:00PM Studio guests,

new releases, British comedy

sketches, folk music calendar,

and ticket giveaways.

8-9AM: African World roots.

9AM-12PM: Celtic music and per-

formances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00-1:00PM Tune in for a

full hour of old and new punk

and Oi! mayhem!

POWERCHORD 1:00-

3:00PM Vancouver's only true

metal show; local demo tapes,

imports, and other rarities.

Gerald Rattlehead, Dwin, and

Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide

to urban harp honks, blues, and

blues roots with your hosts Jim,

Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00-

6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00-9:00PM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the

electric to the eclectic, host

Michael Ingram goes beyond the

call of gospel and takes soul

music to the nth degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00-11:00PM

PLUTONIUM NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM Loops, lay-

ers, and oddities. Naked phone

stuff. Resident haicix with guest

DJs and performers.

<http://plutonium.org>

THE RED EYE alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM

noiz terror mindfuck hardcore

like punk/beats drop dem headz

rock inna junglist mashup/distort

do source full force with needlz

on wax/my chaos runs rampant

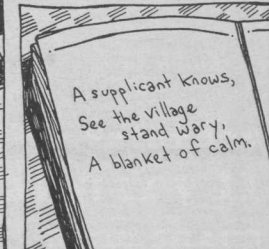
when I free da jazz... Out.

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-9:00PM

Hardcore dancehall reggae.

Click around december 2002

by s.malin and b.koke.



datebook

what's happening



SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE. FOR THE FEB ISSUE, THE DEADLINE IS JAN 8. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT AND VENUE LISTINGS TO 604.822.9364 OR EMAIL <DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 4

Film 1999@Blinding Light!!; Blues Traveler, P.J. Olsson@Commodore

THUR 5

Strange Grey Day This@Blinding Light!!; Myk Gordon@Carnegies; Headstones@Commodore; Weakerthans@Richard's; Roger Dean Young@The Main

FRI 6

Delbert McClinton@House of Blues; John McDermott, Murray McLauchlan@Orpheum; Sixty Stories, My Project Blue, The Fireside, Room@Pat's Pub; The Mahones@Railway Club; Tony Furtado@Richard's on Richards; Chopper and Gorehound@The Main; The Hanson Brothers, The Pleasure Suit, Che Chapter 127, the Shittys@Unit 20 Legion of Vancouver; Infrequency Corp. Radio Benefit; Pearl Jam@Showbox (Seattle)

SAT 7

Leahy@Orpheum; The Mahones@Railway Club; Sixty Stories, Weakerthans@Selwyn Hall; Barron Samedi release party with Sharp Teeth@Pat's Pub; JT King@The Main; Fred Everything@Sonar

SUN 8

Movies of the Week: Directors' Cuts@Railway Club; Pearl Jam@Key Arena Seattle Centre; DJ Bailey@Sonar; Coppertone Records Anniversary Party@Sugar Refinery

MON 9

Laura Minor, The Blasters, Bughouse 5@Commodore; Tori Amos, Howie Day@Queen Elizabeth Theatre; Station Reading Series@Railway Club; Mudhoney@Showbox (Seattle)

TUE 10

3 Doors Down@Commodore, Movie Night: Pi@Pat's Pub; CITR presents Shindig 2002 finals: My Project Blue, The Stunts, Black Rice@Railway Club; Alchemy, Travis Barker@Sugar Refinery

WED 11

Sonically Induced Music Nite@Railway Club; Jesse Cahill Trio@Sugar Refinery

THUR 12

Myk Gordon@Carnegies; Swank plus guests@Railway Club; Ford Pier@The Main; Gordon Wedding Band@Sugar Refinery

FRI 13

WDC@Arts Club Theatre; Paul Oakenfold, Hernan Cataneo@Commodore; Buttlers Chaps, Run Chico Run, Eugene Ripper@Railway Club; Kingsway, Jani Jakovic@The Main; Ali B@Sonar; Parloar Steps@Sugar Refinery

SAT 14

Global Symphonic Show Case feat. The Organ, A Luna Red, STREETS@Pat's Pub; Deadcats, Mr Underhill, The Devilles@Railway Club; Leery Stagger, Nobody's Darlings, Lindsey@The Main; Cynthia Dall, Mimi's Am@Sugar Refinery; Art Danged Cabaret #9: Latex Bride, A.R.C., Lava, Zaza, Satina Saturnina@Ms. T's

SUN 15

Movies of the Week: New Movies@Railway Club; David Rothbart@Sugar Refinery

MON 16

The Go Reflex, Rufio, The Ataris, Anti Freeze@Croatian Cultural Centre; Ranch presents...@Railway Club

TUE 17

Movie Night: Buffalo 66@Pat's Pub; Carolyn Mark and Her Room-Mates@Railway Club; Mark Farina@Sonar

WED 18

Blind Boys of Alabama feat. Clarence Fountain, Hukwe Zawose, Peter Gabriel@CM Place; Big Sugar@Richard's; Carolyn Mark and Her Room-Mates@Railway Club; Kevin Howe@Sugar Refinery; Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers@Everywhere in the fucking world

THUR 19

Myk Gordon@Carnegies; Linda McRae@Railway Club; Amy Honey@The Main; John Bottomley@Sugar Refinery

FRI 20

Linda McRae, Cheerful Lonesome@Railway Club; Tom Holliston, John Guliak@The Main; Tony Wilson@Sugar Refinery

SAT 21

Clumsy Lovers@The Railway Club; Frog Eyes, The Battles and something special@Pat's Pub; Auburn@The Main; Secret Three@Sugar Refinery; Modest Mouse@Showbox (Seattle)

SUN 22

Movies of the week: New Movies@Railway Club; Ford Pier@Sugar Refinery; Modest Mouse@Showbox (Seattle); Reze, Kytami Music@Sugar Refinery

MON 23

David M's Xmas Alone in No Fun City@Railway Club;

TUE 24

Movie night: Boyz in da Hood@Pat's Pub; Hard Rock Miners Xmas Singalong@Railway Club

THUR 26

Bughouse 5@Railway Club

FRI 27

Jazzberry Ram@Railway Club; Dave Lang Vs. Antler, The Burnettes@The Main; Teeth@Sugar Refinery

SAT 28

Patti Benefit, Radio Berlin and guests@Pat's Pub; Jazzberry Ram@Railway Club; Tex Ties, The True Moral Fibres@The Main; Broken Crow Quartet@Sugar Refinery

SUN 29

Movie of the Week: Mondo Movies@Railway Club; Family Man@Sugar Refinery

SUN 31

Butch Murphy, The Greasy Kings@The Main; Vinyl Richie, Todd Omotani, Luke McKeenan@Sonar; The Molestics@Sugar Refinery

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 1

Ford Pier@Sugar Refinery

THUR 2

Les Savy Fav, Pretty Girls Make Graves@Richard's; JP Carter Trio@Sugar Refinery

TUE 7

Jon Rae Fletcher and the River, Maurice Mieran, Matt Rader, Trish Kelly, Dorette@Railway Club

WED 8

Ford Pier@Sugar Refinery; Rock for Choice: Radio Berlin, Red Light Sting, Operation Makeout, The Organ, Le Petite Morte@Video In Studios

THUR 9

A/V Lodge@Sugar Refinery; Rock For Choice: Neil Osborn, Linda McRae, Kevin Kane, Sarah Wheeler@Van East Cultural Centre

FRI 10

Alchemy, Travis Baker@Sugar Refinery; Rock For Choice: Be Good Tanyas, Carolyn Mark, Rae Spoon, Glenn Garinther@Van East Cultural Centre

SAT 11

Henry Rollins@Vogue Theatre; JT King, Clay George@Sugar Refinery; Ellery Eskelin, Andrea Parkins, Jim Black@Richard's on Richards; Rock For Choice: The Goss, Chae: Chapter 127, Submission Hold, Dead@Church of Pointless Hysteria

SUN 12

Rock For Choice: The Rhythm of Choice, The Front, Kia Kadihi, Shankini, Rachel Flood, Rup Sidhu, Korine Zamor, Brigeek, Stinkmitt@Sonar

THUR 16

Secrets and Lies@Sugar Refinery

SUN 19

Mark Browning@Sugar Refinery; The Used, Taking Back Sunday, Blood Brothers, New Transit Direction@Richard's on Richards

special events

CITR PRESENTS: SHINDIG 2002 FINAL MY PROJECT BLUE, THE STUNTS, BLACK RICE FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10 THE RAILWAY CLUB

Shindig 2002 finally winds up, just in time for Christmas. If you don't go you can't tell jokes and get free beer.

SNOOP DOGG SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15 COMMODORE

Somebody said that Snoop gave up The Chronic and was edited out of the Sesame Street movie. Whatever, that cat is smooth.

IMVF INDIE MUSIC VIDEO FESTIVAL THURSDAY, JANUARY 16 GINGER 62

See all the videos you wish Much Music would play if they weren't idiots.

ROCK FOR CHOICE JANUARY 8-12 VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Good cause, good music. Support this event. Get more info at:

www.rockforchoicevancouver.com

places to be

bassix records	217 w. hasting	604.689.7734	pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
beatstreet records	3-712 robbin	604.683.3344	railway club	579 dunsuir	604.681.1625
black swan records	320 west broadway	604.734.2828	richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
blinding light!!	36 powell	604.878.3366	ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959	red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
club 23	23 west cordova		royal	1029 granville	
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550	scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
crostown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774	scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
futurestic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766	sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964	sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
lotus of van	300 west pender		teenage rampage	19 west broadway	604.675.9227
lotion hotel	455 abbott		vancouver playhouse	hamilton at dunsuir	604.665.3050
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555	video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
mesa luna	1926 w. broadway		western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
ms. t's cabaret	339 west pender		WISE club	1882 adanc	604.254.5858
orpheum theatre	smithie at seymour	604.665.3050	yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
pacific cinémathèque	131 howe	604.688.8202	zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232
pat's pub	403 east hasting	604.255.4301			



6-song EP out 01.21.03

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY

**BIGGER CAGES,
LONGER CHAINS**

Epitaph BURNING US MAR 01

tenor saxophonist
& composer

**Ellery
Eskelin**

with
**Andrea
Parkins**
accordion
& sampler

and
**Jim
Black**
drums

**Saturday
January 11
8 pm sharp**

Richard's on Richards

Tickets \$18 at Black Swan, Highlife, Scratch, Zulu Records

a **Zulu** event
www.zulu.ca

straight

Unity! Zulu Brings it Together.

MOUNTAIN GOATS Tallahassee CD

You know what clothes hang in the closet. You know what novelties represent the underdog. You know what streets the underdog keeps. But now know that the underdog is no more! For the real tale that **Spurs Ideas** has the teeth mark of a goat. Praise! The wooly **Mountain Goats** that roam the rare rocky crags of the cultural peaks, herded by **John Danielle**, the brilliant songwriter who has done us up on the thematic aspects of the real outsider tunes. On **Tallahassee**, Danielle continues his lyrical alchemy over the course of 14 songs loaded with sage observations such as "I've got you, you've helped is left in me to get, our conversations are like minifields, no one's ever found a safe way through one yet or I handed you a drink of the lovely little thing, on which our survival depends, people say friends don't destroy one and another, what do they know about friends?". Enjoy the **Goats!**

CD 16.98

NICOLA CONTE Jet Sounds Revisited CD/2X10"

Super Sport. A hint of freedom in the gas tank and a dash of wind in your hair, means that the magic associated with Pech and Heppner's Roman Holiday, is suddenly subtly possible. Hell, tonight anything is possible! Italy is alive with the sounds of her favorite son, **Nicola Conte**, who has just now received the ultimate ironic compliment from his peers including **Thievery Corporation**, **Koop**, **Kyoto Jazz Massive**, **Nusrat Fatahali** and **more** truly representative.

CD 16.98 2X10" 22.98

BARON SAMEDI ESQ Ecstatic Soul Quintet: Live, No Overdubs CD

For some, the word "fusion" stinks in the worst way, even if the concept "fusion" is welcomed. If pressed for a description, however, this is... this stinky, debased word — is absolutely mandatory to capture the **Baron Samedi ESQ** sound. Yes, fusion. Part afro-beat, part raving funk-soul, part sincerely kitschy party music, **Baron Samedi ESQ** is fusion par-excellence. They can come and rock your wedding, Christmas party, bar mitzvah, political rally — they can even rock your fucking funeral (appropriately, the Haitian spiritual figure **Baron Samedi** is a voodoo guardian of the crossroads between our world and the spirit realm, so beware...!). And, as the CD title says, this shit is live — no overdubs, no coddling. The ecstatic spirit that walks between earth and the great mystery, the fusion band that uses vigorous life to displace death, the brave man to make your party start and go all night — this is **Baron Samedi ESQ**, Vancouver's premiere Soul Quintet.

CD 12.98

THE POLYPHONIC SPREE The Beginning Stages Of... CD

My friend Steve, who has a musical stomach and an excellent comprehension of the worthlessness of most installation art, loves this band. He describes himself as a "trick" but you don't have to be one to see why he's all about this bizarre ensemble. 25 people in flowing white robes? Right on! But don't be surprised by the visual shock. The music's all there, man. The band's been compared to **Mercy Rev** and the **Flaming Lips**, but who needs to label what the masses are sure to be enchanted by? The sound is charming, simple, and all full of love. Don't knock a cult until you've tried it, happy people...! **The Polyphonic Spree** could be just what you need. Available when the world works well (soon brother, soon sister).

CD price tba

JULY FOURTH TOILET Something For Everyone CD

Whenever he's not out globe-trotting with famed unit-shitting duo **Canned Ham**, **Robert Dayton** calls Vancouver home. And when at home, do you think he even considers for a moment leading himself to some what more deserved rest? No, no, and again, no! There is no time to rest when another musical project demands his attention... especially when the project in question is the "whimsical & skewed, experimental, psych-pop" band **July Fourth Toilet**. It is as if he has two wives and a good husband to boot! It is as if he is forming a conga line made up of everybody in this city, one that eventually bursts through your door and ends up in your living room!!! And so... ladies and gentlemen, we present to you, eight years in the making, their debut album. A disc that has been described by some in the music industry as "a richly rewarding listen", that is both "layered" and "diverse" containing "magically timeless songs", "romantic ballads" and featuring "eye-catching packaging". Also, with the drawing of a gnome included in the inner cover, it truly does become **Something For Everyone**.

CD RELEASE SHOW DEC. 27TH @ THE ANZA

CD 12.98

BOARDS OF CANADA Twoism CD/LP

Twoism is a re-mastered re-release of older — and indeed, seminal — material to keep fans at bay until the next proper new **Boards of Canada** album (sometimes when?). And since the boys of **BOC** take their sweet Scottish time, y'all better sit back and enjoy what you've been given. We suspect, however, that this should be easy to do. And while you're waiting, why not think of **Twoism** as archeology — digging in the dirt for early traces of the present, evidence of how things came to be: listen for the slightly detuned melodies, hear the slack, gritty beats, and enjoy the early beautifully melancholic splendor since matured into the **BOC** of today. **Twoism!** Who knows? And frankly, who cares?

PS. WARP FANS — Check out our WARP SALE at ZULU — complete the catalog, enter to win, get warped!

CD 16.98
LP 19.98

JERK WITH A BOMB Pyrokinesis CD/LP

One of Vancouver's most credible and accomplished bands, **Jerk With A Bomb** are proven masters of tense atmospheres and rough, county-tinted balladry. Their third full-length, **Pyrokinesis**, sees **JWAB** perfecting the sound wrought so carefully on previous albums **Death to False Metal** and **The Old Noise**. Their recent addition of a bassist helps to flesh things out, as do increasingly sophisticated songwriting, evocatively gloomy lyrics, and substantial touches of pop and psychedelia. So pour yourself a shot of something dangerous and get it up with **Pyrokinesis**. AVAILABLE DECEMBER 10

CD/LP 12.98

RICHARD BUCKNER Impasse CD

Impasse should be at least as well known as, say, **Steve Earle**. Although he's not as conventionally country-rock inclined as **Earle** sometimes is, venting more towards a kind of indie-all-country thing instead, they both have a similar down and dusty feel. More than a sound or a style, however, they're comparable because of a certain presence, a kind of audible **Hurt**. Except, unlike **Earle's** clear story-like prose, when **Buckner** speaks about his personal misery, it's broken, elliptical and fragmented, a formal representation of his emotional state. Still, although personal woe and sorrow seem to be what **Buckner** is expressing, it's so impressionistic that it becomes an exegesis about Universal woe and sorrow, which everyone knows a little something about. That said, the songs are pretty catchy, too. Underrepresented but very appreciated.

CD 16.98

THE BOAS Mansion CD

Magically melding the narratives of classics like **Norwaka** and **After the Gold Rush**, this, the debut recording from **Chicago's The Boas**, is easily one of 2002's best attempts towards a critical reinvestigation of **The Great American Song**. Hand picked by **Jeff Tweedy** to support **Wilco**, the like-minded **Boas** are steeped in the American grain and its lyrical tradition, and by this we mean they perform counterculture amplified rock and roll while drinking. So if the bullshit attempt of your average hair-farming **Altman** Brothers rip-off has got you down, don't take leave reaching for help. Recommended!

CD 16.98

ZULU STAFF YEAR-END TOP TEN LISTS

STOP BY AND CHECK OUT THESE STAFF PICKS, NOW 10% OFF UNTIL JANUARY 31, 2003

ERIN

The Rapture - House of Jealous Lovers 12"
Cuck 'n' the - Mortal Mirror
Erase Error/Numbers - split
Kick Heart Procession - Amore Dei Tropici
Piano Piano - Writers Without Homes
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Black Dice - Beaches and Canyons
Orencia - Each One, Teach One

NICOLAS

Archier Perreault - Three
Neil Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Frog Eyes - The Bloody Hand
Chicago Underground Duo - Axis and Alignment
The Gentle - Lost Weekend
The Nuclear - Neon Golden
The Tinderness - Trouble Every Day OST
David Grubbs - Rickets and Scary
The Boas - Mansion
Neil Ockham - Forest Time (book/record)

VICKI

Wilco - Yankee Hotel Hotrod
The Sadies - Stories Often Told
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Radiogram - All the Way Home
Frog Eyes - Your Favorite
Fool
Interpol - Turn On the Bright Lights
The Cinch - s/t
Roger Wallace - The Lowdown
Neil Caza - Blacklisted
Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for the Deaf

JASON

American Death Ray Music - Smash Radio Hits
Boas - Mansion
Destroyer - The Night
Trey Gregory - Sybil
Neil Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Mighty Flashlight - s/t
Orencia - Each One, Teach One
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album

BARBARA

Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

JOSH ROSE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

JOSH ROSE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

JOSH ROSE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

JOSH ROSE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

SAM

Anti-Pop Consortium - Anthymia
Ekhelard Ehlers - Plays
Fennel - Field Recordings
Kid 606 - The Action-Packed Menstrual...
Themselves - the no music
Sonic Youth - Murray Street
Angieka Klemm - Care
The Breeders - Title TK
Panic - When It's Dark And It's Summer
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Orencia - Each One, Teach One

JOSH STEVENSON

Wolf Eyes - Dread
Sinoia Caves - The Enchanter Persuaded
The Lower Recordings - Folklore
Vibronational Orchestra - Dabbling With Gravity and Who You Are
Sun City Girls - High Asia / L-Pacific
Deerhoof - Revelle
Frog Eyes - The Bloody Hand
Deaf - Perform DSSOC (reissue)
Slumber Party - Psychodelic
Mr. Arjuna Man - Red Lie

BRADY

The Cinch - s/t EP
The Department - Be Your Friend?
Destroyer - This Night
Jon-Rae Reiter and the River - s/t
Loud - Submers
Nasty On - Citychild
Piano - When It's Dark And It's Summer
Sinoia Caves - The Enchanter Persuaded
Sparrow - Piano 1-10
Young and Seery - Stand Up for Your Mother

JULIE

Scottronick - s/t (not available in Canada)
Notivist - Neon Golden
Hot Snakes - Suicide Invoice
Sonic Youth - Murray Street
DAT Politics - Pupa Plus
Laila Puna - Scary World Theory
Destroyer - This Night
Out Hud - Silver Dust
Mia - Help, and Stitches (not available in Canada)
Tinderness - Trouble Every Day OST

JULIE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

JULIE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

JULIE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

JULIE

Queens of the Stone Age - Songs for The Deaf
Neil Michael Hagerty - Plays That Good Old Rock and Roll
Lies - They Throw Us All in a Trench and Built a Monument On Top
Deerhoof - Revelle
The Walkmen - Everybody Who Pretended to Like Me to Go
The Warlocks - Phoenix Album
Stellar-Kinney - One Beat
Black Dice - Beaches And Canyons
Lies - Read And Burn 01
Deerhoof - Revelle
Tarika - Visha Claustrophobia
Warrior Artists - Rough Trade Shops Electronic
Like Me to Go
Loud - Submers
Mekonsa - OGGH Out of Our Heads
Lotus Eaters - Mind Control for Infants
Youngbloods - Rebeler

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT
UNTIL JANUARY 31, 2003

HOLIDAY HOURS:

THURSDAY DEC 19th - MONDAY 23rd	OPEN until 9PM
THURSDAY DEC 24th	OPEN until 6PM
WEDNESDAY DEC 25th	CLOSED
THURSDAY DEC 26th	OPEN 9AM-6PM
WEDNESDAY JAN 1st	CLOSED



Zulu Records
1972-1976 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC
tel 604.738.3232
www.zulurecords.com

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed	10:30-2:00
Thurs and Fri	10:30-9:00
Sat	9:30-6:30
Sun	12:00-6:00